

**HALF
THREE SCORE YEARS
AND TEN**



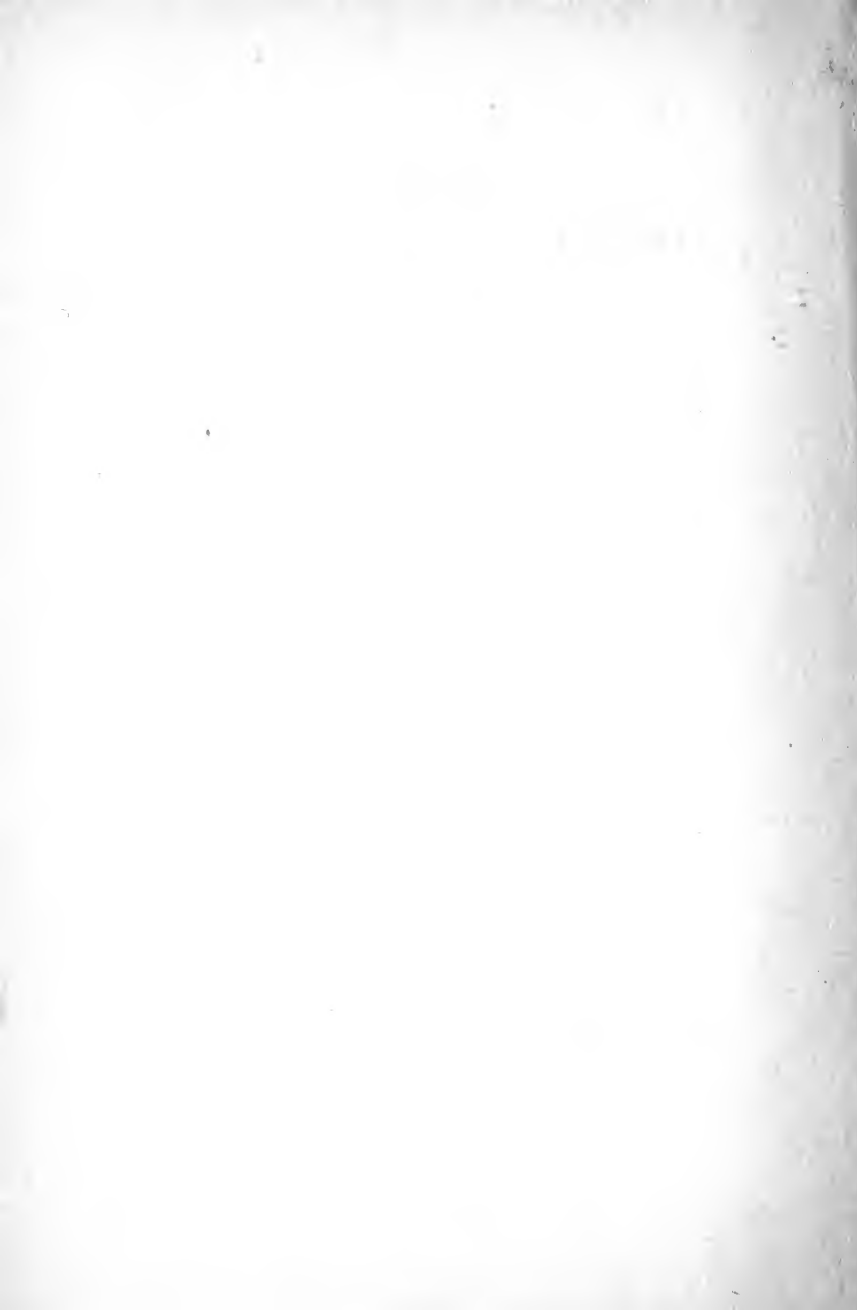
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**HALF
THREE SCORE YEARS
AND TEN**

By **FORGET-ME-NOT**



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INTRODUCTION

Very late one night, close to the midnight hour, I was sitting in a large, comfortable arm-chair with my head thrown back in a sleeping position. It had been my desire for some time past to use my pencil for the public use, in order to exert a moral influence upon the world.

Recently, having attended the last sad but beautifully extended rites to a dear departed friend, the words, "Man's Life on This Earth is Three Score Years and Ten," kept repeating themselves again and again to me, as I thoughtfully wended my way home that afternoon. Awaking from my drowsiness on the night above mentioned, I determined to write the story of the life of a young woman, now at the age of "Half of Three Score Years and Ten."

As a little child, she was a next-door neighbor of mine. We lived on neighboring streets of the same city for more than thirty-five years, and I, having seen the important events in her life during that time, shall be enabled to draw upon my imagination for details. It is my desire to write a story as near to true life as possible.

THE AUTHOR

HALF THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN

CHAPTER 1.

On one side of my home there was a very pretty grove of trees, but, on the other, there stood a two-story frame home, with a very attractive side-yard belonging to that dwelling. It had been vacated for some time, when, one day, I noticed some newcomers were taking possession.

As time passed, I became very much interested in my neighbors. There were two little figures, who, during the summer-time wandered about the pretty garden. These were a dear little boy and girl. A short time previous to my determination to write this story, I had seen a beautiful life-representation of the "Babes in the Woods." This caused my thoughts to wander back nearly thirty-five years, to a similar picture in that neighboring flower-grown garden of years ago.

A brave boy at the age of six, standing, protectingly and lovingly, by the side of a little girl a trifle younger. There was a look of great love in the eyes of the little girl, as she looked up at her brother. Some beautiful, old-fashioned bleeding hearts were attracting their notice. Our little heroine,

handling them very gently, showed, in her thoughtful face, great admiration for their delicate beauty. A pretty grape-arbor, with the bunches of grapes hanging from the vines on the lattice-roof; some large peony bushes, the beautiful flowers spreading their pink and white petals before the admiring eyes of the little children; a very pretty lawn and a strong rope-swing, all these contributed so much to the delight of the children, that they wandered about, like the "Babes in the Woods," with their little souls uplifted to the beauties of nature, and forgetful of all else in the world.

There was a church in close proximity to the home of these little children. On Sunday morning. I usually met them coming back from Sunday-school. What did I see on Sunday afternoon, as I passed their pretty garden, taking my accustomed Sunday afternoon promenade? In a rocking-chair, on the side-porch of their home, facing the garden, sat the mother, with two little rocking chairs pressed close to hers, and two little innocent faces, listening with rapt attention, to the reading of the pretty Sunday-school books brought home in the morning. Beautiful spiritual and moral lessons, pouring from the lips of a devoted mother, will they ever cease to bear their fruit on the lives of little listeners?

CHAPTER 2.

Were these little folks in their own home? No; this was grandma's. Their papa was away for the present. My readers, did I not say, that this is to be a story as near to true life as possible, but that I shall be compelled to draw upon my imagination for details? I am now allowing my thoughts to drift. Why is not this woman, whose character is shown in a beautiful light, by its reflection in the lives of her children, why is she not in her own home, really the dearest possession in the hearts of all true women, who have children looking to them to bring comfort and happiness into their lives?

I was sitting cogitating, and my experiences in life caused my thoughts to wander thus. Are there not many faults in some men's and women's characters, which cause a sadness, or a heart-break forever, in the lives of their partners in life, whom, in the high hopes of youth, they promise to cherish, "Till death us do part?" Then again, sometimes appetites, by which many allow themselves to become mastered; also, often a sinful disobedience to our Lord's ten commandments, bringing disgrace upon, and destruction to the beautiful holy family ties; once more, a perfect incapability, on the man's part, to provide sufficient means for his family; in all these instances adding sickness and misfortune, how much more should

we laud the other partner in life, who takes upon his or her shoulders the heavy burden of eliminating as much as possible, the sad results from the lives of his or her children?

A number of weeks after this little moralizing on my part, one beautiful day, I saw a gentleman appear at the garden-gate. At a glance, I could see that he was a gentleman born and bred. How the little pair in the garden ran to meet him, and sat upon his knee, caressed and fondled him. Grandma, an elderly lady of proud bearing, was in the garden, a little distance from the children. She approached and shook hands with the gentleman, a stranger to me, but one in whom I became very much interested, on account of the greeting of the children. She sat down beside him on a garden bench, and what seemed to be a very earnest conversation followed.

As it continued, I saw the little girl's face grow more and more thoughtful, at last amounting to a very troubled expression; for grandma had gone into the house once, and why did not her mama come, and go joyfully into the arms of her papa, as she had done? Once more, after more earnest conversation, grandma arose and entered the house. After a space of ten minutes, she returned and the gentleman, bidding the children wait in the garden, entered the home.

CHAPTER 3.

Winter soon put its cold mantle over all the beauties of the garden, at which, during the lovely summer-time, my gaze so often wandered, especially, decorated, as it so often had been, by human life, in the shape of two innocent little souls, drinking in its beauties. Ere she had dismantled it, the little family, so interesting to me, had left grandma's home, to form, once more, one of their own. During the winter, I became acquainted with the mother, and so learned that several homes had been formed, but, just as often relinquished. This, now, was, by compulsion, to be more simple than former ones. Often did I visit this little home, as the years rolled by, and much did I see to interest me.

How happy the look of the mother on my first visit! Anchored! As the ship out at sea! As I sat and talked with her during that winter, our little heroine often sat at the other end of the room, seemingly studying some frost-bitten window-panes. She would follow with a pencil the beautiful intricacies, which nature had imprinted there, and then, sometimes, in one corner of the window-pane, where the frost-bitten surface had not so much of nature's beautiful decorating, I would see her inscribe her name, Lucille. I have not before mentioned, that this little family was also composed of one

older son. He was so much the senior of the younger children that, during the previous summer, I had not often seen him, as he was engaged in the various occupations of later youth.

A couple of winters I visited thus, always seeing the happy expression on the mother's face. Then, suddenly, something happened. A cloud came on the beautiful, clear blue sky's surface, but, with it, as the mother gazed, a very determined look came upon her face. Had not many homes been formed? Had they not, just so often, been dissolved into thin air? This one must not thus vanish. Her children were all now at the age, where a home was positively necessary to their comfort and happiness. As her partner in life was now once more, unable to assist her, then it would be advisable for her son to put forth extra efforts to maintain it.

Out into the world, into the busy strife, at a very early age, he went. All the results of his steadiness and perseverance were brought to the mother for the support of the home. Realizing that, in the future, his father's position, as head and support of the family, must be his, there were no efforts, on his part, that were not put forth in the bravest manner.

CHAPTER 4.

Lucy usually had little playmates walk home from school with her. But, one day, a typical autumn one, a trifle hazy, a little cool, the many colored autumn leaves lying beneath her feet and she walking slowly, dreamily, and happily, admiring nature's beautiful coloring, suddenly, a little girl accosted her.

"Lucille, your father is dead," the little girl said. Lucille did not cry, nor did she run home. But, with the same thoughtful, troubled look, that had come to her face in the garden, on that lovely summer day, she very steadily and perfectly silently pursued her way with her companion to her home.

Then, leaving her, she quickly entered, and suddenly slipped into a chair. Her mother really did not see her enter, for she was pacing the floor to and fro, her head bent low, a very troubled expression on her brow, and, as she walked, she wrung her hands. Lucille saw her oldest brother put his hand on her shoulder. Something in his words, which she was too young to understand, brought a great change of expression and manner to her mother. A look of admiration and love for her son's *noble* character and, also, one of quiet resignation and deep sadness unto this heavy sorrow, took the place of the previously disturbed expression and attitude. Lucille then slipped

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away. The mother and son needed much time for quiet consideration and thought.

Ah! But, after all that was mortal of the father had quietly been laid away at rest, and the mother had time that evening to quietly sit with my two little, "Babes in the Woods," they laid their heads in her lap, the tears flowed fast and they said,

"It will be so lonesome to not see him any more."

Dreariness possessed them. But the mother put away her own sorrow, and, with quiet beautiful words, endeavored to comfort them.

CHAPTER 5.

The next morning, life commenced anew for the inmates of this little home. The youthful support of the little family, now at a very early age, but, already, having been in the business world for a space of about four years, felt that he had the stamina necessary for this future work, thus thrust upon him. The mother feeling, instinctively, the confidence and nobility of her son's character, and above all, as always during previous periods of sorrow, trusting to her Father in Heaven to help her, won the strength of soul and body to maintain this home for her children and herself.

As she sat with them at the fire-side during the winter evenings, her thoughts so often wandered to the time, when she was a little girl like Lucy, sitting so close at her side. At that time, she had an elderly great-aunt, who had raised Lucy's grandma, and who lived in the country. There she visited to her great delight. So she would tell Lucy. . It was before our Civil War, which brought about the Emancipation of Slavery in our United States. Sitting dreaming, talking, she saw once more the old-fashioned open fire-place in the country home, the pots and kettles hanging, and the cook sitting, dozing, nodding before the fire. She told Lucy how one cook, thus, had really fallen

over the embers, and had been so injured as to cause her death.

How horror-stricken Lucy felt at that relation of her mother, and how silently thankful, that now closed stoves are used more than the open fires.

This aunt had told Lucy's mama that, in her youth, she had heard the sounds of the Revolution in the distance. Lucy having much imaginative power, saw in her mind's eye, a battle actually progressing, with the soldiers dressed in the garb of the olden days, knee-breeches, long coats, and three-cornered hats. As the wind moaned through the chimney, and the fire grew warmer and brighter, Lucy thought how happy her mama must have been, out in the country on a large plantation, seeing the cotton-picking, and having some one to tell her about the days of George Washington, for it now gave Lucy so much pleasure to read about them. With a happy, wondering dream, Lucy sat and thought about the beautiful woods, which her mother described from her remembrance of them, as she walked through on her way, to and from school.

CHAPTER 6.

Lucy's mother, in this sad epoch of her life, after the death of her husband, naturally, in her periods of quiet restfulness in the evenings with her family gathered about her, gave way to reminiscence. Thus, as a little child, Lucy lived with her mother the life of her child-hood and youth. Such great pleasure her mother had gained, in wandering in beautiful summer weather through the different parts of the plantation. How enjoyable to a child, accustomed to city-life! Once more, her mother saw, with Lucy, all the family and colored help assembled at prayer each evening with their missus, her great-aunt, a very elderly lady, repeating the prayer.

Lucy's mother, naturally an old-fashioned child, had become more and more so, on account of the frequent visits to the elderly lady. At last, as they were repeated again and again, the good old lady, who loved her, and whom she loved so well, began to wander in the vagaries of old age, and, at times, she did not know her, making Lucy's mother feel very sad and bewildered at this change. At last, on one always remembered visit, her soul had passed to the most beautiful realm. She left her home, and all her earthly possessions to the management of one daughter. After this change at this old southern home, Lucy's mama had traveled

with her parents very much further into the southern part of our country, to form a new home there. How well she remembered the warm hospitality, with which her parents' new friends greeted them there, and her family's and her happy life in this warmth!

After a few years, another change came. They traveled to a large, very refined and cultivated, northern city to live. The events of the Civil War passed swiftly by in Lucy's mama's mind. All of the colored help had been freed, in the early stages of the war, by the new mistress on the old plantation. She was, as her mother had been, very much loved by her help on the farm and about the house. Some still clung to her for support and help, even after full freedom had been granted. We need not say confidence, but love and kindness granted by one in power; sometimes, nay, we may say often, they are requited sadly by natures incapable of appreciation. But if only for the sake of finding a few beautiful natures let all, to whom God grants power over his or her fellow-creatures, make all possible use of these sweet weapons.

CHAPTER 7.

One evening, how well Lucy remembered it, this much loved mother told her, that a few years before the war, she had married her papa. After the war, the effect which it had made upon their finances, caused them to make a change of home several hundred miles distance. Great financial energy, at that time, was predominant in a little town in the central western part of our country, and, to this little town, her mama and papa, with the oldest son, traveled. To the young man of family then, this was the place, in which to build up fallen fortunes. New settlers, from all parts of the world, made it very cosmopolitan. How different the life, to the one to which Lucy's mama had been accustomed! What snow-storms our youth will often brave, with a view to fortune! How some work through with time and patience, steadiness and perseverance, into the beautiful warm days and golden sunshine! How some are chilled by the cold and frost, and never enjoy that following warmth!

The great success of the West did not fall upon this little family during the father's life-time, and so, we find Lucy, our little heroine, Lucille, living, not in a very handsome home, with the accompaniments of riches surrounding her, but in a sweet, simple little one, her whole nature imbued with her mother's great love for her and the other

members of the family. She had been born in this little rude western town, a few years after the family's change of residence to it. During the decade of years comprising the few previous to her birth, and the few following, the foundations of fortunes had been laid in many families. At the expiration of this term of years, Lucy's oldest brother started in his business activity. For a number of years much success was granted to him, which gradually threw its beautiful glow upon the lives of all the family. Dreams of love came to him, but owing to the rough path before one shouldering so much responsibility, they never brought that happiness of a much-loved partner in life to him.

The little rude western town developed very quickly into an enterprising city. Ungraded streets were succeeded by paved graded ones. Small homes of some early settlers were given up by them for handsome, well-built residences. The rapid growth in population and their accumulating wealth, caused very large business buildings, banks, theatres, libraries, churches, and art-buildings to be erected. In this new life of this city, Lucille's oldest brother's youthful business activity brought more and more success to him. The sweet simple little home was retained, but, in it, more luxuries of life were gradually brought by the young man, devoting the fruits of his labor to bringing more and more happiness

each day, into the life of his mother and our sweet little "Babes in the Woods."

CHAPTER 8.

The sweet love of young brother and sister! How interesting to encounter it! Our little ones wandered through the years of youth together, at least, until within a few years of Lucy's brother reaching manhood. Then that sad visitor, Death, dark, foreboding, and mournful to those left to grieve, but which brings, according to the beautiful promises of the Bible, a far more beautiful life to all those deserving and of faith, that messenger called Lucy's brother. This laid the foundation of a great change in her future life. The mother, in her deep sorrow, none the less perceiving and fearing the sad effect upon the youth and health of Lucy, planned for her to go to the scene of her own youth.

Among her mother's friends and relatives Lucille met with a most welcome greeting, bringing cheerfulness and new scenes into her life. On the first evening of her arrival, as she entered the large salon parlor of her mother's dearest friend, a young gentleman of age similar to that of Lucille's oldest and now only brother, approached with extended hand and warm welcome to meet her. It was a very warm evening and the large room was lit only by the light from the hall, shining through the opened folding doors into the parlor. Lucille was much pleased with this, for she felt quite travel-

worn. She could not well distinguish the face of this new friend. But his very courteous, hospitable manner very quickly put her at ease, and they were soon conversing very comfortably together.

The room was really very stifling with heat that evening, and Winifred asked Lucille, and a young lady and gentleman visiting with them that evening, to take a little evening promenade. Winifred was the only son, and, in fact, had always been the only child of Lucille's mother's dear friend. After her long travel during this warm weather, it was very refreshing to Lucille to reach the cooler air without, and Winifred seemed to fall quite easily at her side, the other couple in advance. He was very much interested in her conversation about that western country which he had never visited. Yes. But from the first moment that he had gazed upon the thoughtful face of his little new friend, a new feeling had sprung into his life.

A sudden happiness seemed to have shot into his heart, as he walked the prettily lit streets of the large city that evening. "There is something unfathomable and a purity about her face," thought he. "She has not beautiful clear-cut features," pursued he, "why am I so interested? Then also," pursued his mentor, "she is a child to me." Suddenly, in her conversation, she raised her face, and a light nearby threw its full reflection upon

it. His mentor troubled him no more. A peace seemed to enter his soul, and, with it, these words, "In the eyes, the windows of the soul, I see a beautiful and spiritual depth."

Remember, he was not a boy, but a man, a number of years Lucille's senior. Hence the brown study. And, Lucille, she was yet but a child in her thoughts, very much pleased with her companion's courtesy, but without any self-consciousness. Winifred found, as he pursued his conversation, that she was extremely fond of natural beauty. They had found a mutual interest, and during the weeks of Lucille's visit to her mother's friend, it caused many beautiful drives, walks, and rides on horse-back to be taken through a most picturesque and romantic country, surrounding this old-time southern city. She now saw the beautiful country scenes, of which she used to dream at the fire-side with her mother. Now in reality, those beautiful woods were before her, and at a most entrancing time of the year, autumn giving the tinge of many beautiful shades to the leaves of the fine old majestic trees.

The grand old chestnut trees, some of the burrs lying beneath partly split, thus showed their readiness to yield their fruit. To her great delight, occasionally, she caught a glimpse of a deer in the distance among the trees. With great pleasure Winifred watch-

ed the beautiful light suddenly come into the eyes of his youthful companion, as her soul was satiated, from time to time, by some special natural beauty. Then, again, with equal sympathy, he saw the light as quickly fade, and dreaminess and sorrow take its place, caused by the soul suddenly taking flight to the dear mother and home, now many miles distant, and resting for a few moments in the beautiful blue depths above, with thoughts of that dear lost brother, who had from her earliest remembrance trod the path of life with her.

CHAPTER 9.

Lucille's heart was always filled with delight at the sight of the architecture, belonging to the time of our colonists, resting among the picturesque hills and valleys of the country, which, she felt certain, must have reminded the early settlers of the beautiful English mother country. They had left upon an eminence, overlooking an especial verdant valley, a red brick church to which Winifred took Lucille one Sunday. To her, the silence of the country never seemed so great as in this country church-yard, when she heard it broken by the descendants of those sleeping in the many graves, and high red-bricked tombs with marble slabs surmounting them. Alighting from their carriages, they tied their horses to the trunks of the trees. Some had driven for several miles, for the valley was of wide extent, and was filled with many homes with many acres surrounding. Slowly wandering through the church-yard, with the hearty greetings of neighbors of many years, they entered the church.

On that perfect summer Sunday morning, beneath the shade of a grand old tree, Lucille stood, silently observant, while Winifred fastened the horse. Then they, as the others had done, walked through the paths of the interesting church-yard of a hundred and fifty years origin. At one side of the church,

there was a sudden descent of the eminence and here, the beauty of the surrounding hilly country, covered with piney and other beautiful vegetation, was visible. Surely, it is only natural, that Lucille entered this church with more than usual solemnity, and dreaminess, thinking of the many souls that had worshipped at this altar. This was Communion Sunday, and never before had the admonition of not accepting it unless at peace with all fellow-men, been so impressive as here. What she had just left, the peace, beauty, and perfection of all without, seemed to especially demand it.

Winifred noticed the unusual silence of his little new friend but he understood and attributed it to its right cause. She had not, in her native heath, seen the beauty of historical interest mixed with the beauty of nature. Winifred had passed through his school-days, and through his preparation for what he intended to be his life-work, which he, himself, had chosen, and which he enjoyed. His work, at present, however, was such that there were certain hours each day, which he could use for his own pleasure. Lucille had not finished her school-life. She was to return to it as soon as this pleasant visit to her mother's friend, was terminated. During Lucille's visit, lasting a month, nearly every day it seemed to be according to Winifred's courtesy and desire, to make her visit a pleasant one, to spend his leisure hours

with her, either in conversation, as she sat on the leather cushioned window-seat of the large drawing-room, in which he had first met her, or in out-of-door pleasures.

On warm days she liked to sit there, with the window open, giving her a view of the street beneath. She had read many books of worth, and took pleasure in conversing about them, and was very glad to receive for her entertainment, books, brought to her by Winifred, out of the home library. After she had left, did he miss the pensive face, often so absorbed in a book, that she would often not at first notice his entrance? Lucille carried home with her keen appreciation of her new friend's courtesy and desire for her pleasure during her visit. Through his kindness, she had seen so much that she desired to see.

She would never forget the homes built during the colonial days, the little window-panes and many of these to every window, the tall, round, thick, white stucco pillars supporting the heavy roofs of the piazzas, the cupolas, the top center-pieces of the homes, and their oblong and square fronts. Most of all to be remembered by her, were the many romantic and beautiful situations of these country places. Here, she saw an old home situated close to a mill-race, with the weeping-willows overhanging. There, another, high up on a hill with a winding river beneath, and sometimes, also, a forest,

close by, with its paths leading to the beautiful stream.

Little boat-houses, she often saw, built close to the water's edge. Many little out-lying houses for help often surrounded the old family residences, with, of course, gardens and lawns lying between. The deserted parlors, of the old home by the mill, were now filled with sacks of produce from the farm. The owner of the place had left many years since, and the present working tenant used the old family-home for a store-house. Very far from a public turn-pike, was the old home, with the weeping willows standing close by, as if lamenting the desertion of the owner. A white stucco, oblong-shaped, three story building, it stood, and, as Lucille looked, she felt in her heart a love for it, because it reminded her of the colonial days of our country.

CHAPTER 10.

October, Lucille had passed with her new friends. Two weeks of that time, Winifred's mother had entertained her in her country home, several miles distant from the city. It was at this time that Lucille had been enabled to see the remote country homes, and romantically situated church. But now the time had come for her to return home. As the train started to glide away from the old-time city, and the country which had so much interested her, she looked from the car-window to wave a last adieu to Winifred and his mother, who had endeavored to do all in their power to make her visit a delightful one. Lucille was surprised to see a look of deep regret, amounting to sadness, upon Winifred's face.

As she traveled towards the West, through our beautiful eastern country, mountainous and romantic, her dreams were most happy ones. For the change of scene had put her health, naturally not the most robust, upon a firmer basis, bringing bright thoughts of the renewal of her mind's trainer, school-life. For a few years, she continued in it. During this time, her brother, by his natural talent, energy, and steadiness of character, had developed into a most successful man of business, respected and admired by all who came in contact with him in his work, and very much loved by those at the head of his special business.

Nothing in the shape of liberality from the success of his work, was spared to render the lives of his father's family most happy. The mother went back to the scenes of her childhood, youth, and early married life, carrying with her great pride in her son's early manhood and beneficence. How beautiful the fruit a life given up to the efforts of making others happy! Also, for many years, he was a very happy man, enjoying the results of his success. But, to all, many, many years of life in this world, Our Father in Heaven does not deem it in his great wisdom to grant. Just at the time, when Lucille was about to emerge from her school-life into the broader field of life's experience, everything suddenly grew black before her. Her brother, whom she respected, admired and loved with her whole heart, was suddenly stricken with a severe malady.

CHAPTER 11.

Lucille sat in the little sitting-room of the home, in which she had now lived ever since she was a little girl, and, at this time she feared that a new stage of her existence was beginning. Her school-books lay upon her lap, and upon the table at her side, and, with the aid of a reading-lamp, she was perusing them. But, while doing so, a new idea seemed to be constantly presenting itself to her. "Might I not be enabled to do something in the future towards my own support?" This idea was dim and vague; but, while her loved brother lay in an adjoining room, really in an unconscious condition from the severity of his sickness, was it not natural that a feeling should come to Lucille, that, sometime in the future, dependence upon self might be absolutely necessary? A few weeks before the commencement of Lucille's brother's illness, Winifred had decided to carry his work to Lucille's native city. A great friendship and love had sprung up between her brother and Winifred, and, during the five weeks that he lay unconscious, and with the malady which daily gained headway, in spite of the efforts on the part of those who loved him and took the greatest interest in him, Winifred never left his bed-side, except for a few hours. His greatest desire was to save, if possible, for Lucille and her mother this treasured brother and son.

As Lucille entered the room, during the fifth week of that terrible illness, and stood with an almost despairing anxiety in her face, Winifred, with the same look and tone, said, "If I can only tide you over for a few days, old fellow." Lucille never forgot these words, nor the terrible sickening fear which chilled her heart. Ah! How pale, what a terrible worn face, instead of that bright brother of five weeks before! The fever was wasting him, day by day, nothing would make it loosen its hold. If it would but be controlled, then a chance of life might be. Lucille understood. She realized that, if this did not happen in two or three days, then all hope of keeping this dear idolized brother with them on this earth, would have to vanish from her heart.

Alas! It was but a short time and all was over. In despair, the mother and Lucille were left. Providence had deemed it fit that this much loved soul on this earth should take its flight to that world of perfection, where no such wasting away, such as his had been, nor such sickening despair and grief, such as Lucille and her mother lived through, exist. My readers, I shall not dwell here long in this house of grief. It wrings my heart. His companions, strong, hearty men, loved him so dearly, that they sobbed aloud. A life, joyful, bright, helpful, always at the helm ready to do for others, it had brought its own results, great grief, love, and admiration from all those with whom he had come in contact. "Thy

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will be done." It is most difficult to say, truthfully. But it must, if looked on in the right light, have a soothing effect. For it illumines in this way, that Our Father in Heaven, always Lucille's mother's comforter, in His great wisdom, knows why and wherefor.

CHAPTER 12.

Lucille had now drifted into a troubled sea. Her future rocked itself in terrible uncertainty before her. She had felt so safe with that noble brother to protect her. Determination at once came to her, to prepare herself, as quickly as possible, for some work in the world. For several months, days and nights were spent preparing herself for this new life. Circumstances soon carried her into a very small town, in which she was to carry on this avocation. There were but a few houses, and the most predominant object, on looking at the town, was prairie.

In the spring and autumn to Lucille's eyes, the town had its own sweet, simple beauty, as the wild flowers, with many colors decorated the fields. But how often her heart sank, when she viewed the town, stripped of this redeeming feature, and in its place simply tall, brown grasses, or, in the winter, snow covering all. The wind! It had full sweep, and, in the bitter cold weather, many times Lucille could scarcely wend her way to her destination.

Winifred: how he loved Lucille! He was unable to keep his secret from her longer. Lucille never could forget his simple words. But this was all so new. She had never thought of it before. She would not tell him, she would not say that the future would not bring to him that answer, which he so longed

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for at once. But time, that wonderful soother of great sorrows, such as Lucille's and her mother's was for the dearly loved brother and son, and that wonderful worker in bringing a result of love, in the place of esteem and confidence, must have its influence. Lucille did not love her work, but success came to her, on account of application and industry.

CHAPTER 13.

Three years have elapsed since Winifred had uttered the ever treasured words of love. I am sitting in a small church of beautiful architecture. As the beautiful strains of the wedding march begin, I turn my head to see the bride advance. Yes. It is Lucille and, with a smile of perfect love and confidence, she is met at the altar by Winifred. It is decorated with palms and simple flowers. As I sit and listen to the tones of the bride, through the otherwise impressive silence, such is my silent prayer. "May I always hear such convincing firmness from the lips of all brides, in the repetition of the service which ends, till Death us do part."

Shall I now leave my bride and groom under an umbrella tree, with its leaves tinged forever with golden sunshine? No. Just as this is impossible in nature, so shall I not leave them thus. But I shall continue my little bit of true life, until my bride reaches the age of "Half of Three Score Years and Ten." I noticed particularly as the mother passed through the aisle of the church, following Lucille and Winifred, the very happy expression upon her face. As we chatted together one afternoon succeeding this event, I detected the reason. The faithfulness and devotion of Winifred to her much loved, lost son during his terrible illness, and his constancy, always evinced towards Lucille

through the years since she was but a child, made her feel certain of her daughter's future happiness.

As I had visited my friends the many years past, so now I visited them for a number of years. I saw Lucille, in her happiness with her mother and husband, in their now pretty and more pretentious home than the one of former years. There, certainly, were not many shadows upon the tree covered with the golden sunshine, only those caused by the ordinary events of this world, in which perfection does not exist. Through the years a little family gathered about the Christmas tree, always lit by Grandma with more happiness each year. But, this Christmas, as the snow lies so pure and white over all without, and the beautiful tall tree, within the large parlor, brings an exclamation of delight from the cheerful voices of the little folks, Lucille stands sad and unable to light it, this Christmas night. For Grandma is with her ever-trusted Father in Heaven.

Winifred notices, at once, the expression on his wife's face, and, advancing very quickly to her, clasps her hand.

"Lucille," he said, "for my sake, try to not live in thoughts of lonesomeness without her." I have been thinking, as I have watched you looking so sad, you are now at Half of Three Score Years and Ten, and she reached the end of the allotment of Man's Life on this Earth. You have to comfort and guide you the beau-

tiful light of Half of Three Score Years and Ten of mother's and child's companionship, love, and experience reflected over your future pathway, which we trust will be another Half of Three Score Years and Ten. May that light help you in the guidance of this little future generation." Lucille, smiling through the glistening tears gathered about the large, thoughtful eyes, said with determination, "I will leave these dew drops on the flowers of last night. Also, it was my intention, Winifred on this Christmas night, to repeat a few words to you, which have helped me of late, when my head has been hot with the fever of sorrow."

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd
me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew,
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of
 heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer :
 Would'st thou be as these are? Live as they?

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without
 them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll,
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring
 These attain the mighty life you see."

—born voice! long since, severely clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,
 "Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

—*Mathew Arnold.*

"TWO BUNCHES OF VIOLETS."

CHAPTER 1.

The tall, straight pine trees stood like sentinels at the water's edge. A small boat was being moved slightly by the zephyr winds, as if inviting one desiring meditation. A young man, with a very disturbed expression of countenance, threw himself very hurriedly into the little messenger of the sea, loosened its hold upon land, and was soon drifting, in the quiet waters of the river, toward the more undulating surface of a beautiful blue expanse of sea in the distance. The lines of perturbation began to relax, as the charm of the deep began to lay its hold upon him. Soon the little fairy boat gayly entered the lovely sea, and then all was peace in the young man's attitude and look.

"Some day, I shall love a maid of the sea," he soliloquized, "Very long, rippling light hair, must I see, and eyes of the depth of this blue of the sea. A form, as proud in its bearing, as yonder pine tree."

Dotted, here and there, upon the waters surrounding him, were many varieties of navigation, for a harbor and a fort lay very near. The war vessels stood so proud and fearless, the ocean freight steamers appeared so sturdy, their rusty iron sides evincing, that they had

held their own with the waters through distances of many miles.

But the sailing vessels seemed to be the most attractive to the young man's dreamy condition. Two, three, or five masts, all had the same light appearance on the sea, the most harmonious bearing through the atmosphere and water.

Suddenly the wheels of some excursion steamers, making a noise upon the sea by their steadily continued rotations, turned the young man's eyes toward them, and away from the masts, ropes and gracefully turned sails. His yacht was far enough away, to not be caught in the swell of the water caused by the large steamers steadily ploughing their way.

Slowly his eyes sought the deck of the one nearer to him. His peaceful expression suddenly took wings and flew away. The steamer, bringing its burden from land, had dispelled the sea's fairy powers. Many handkerchiefs, of a very gay party on deck, had waved to him. His eyes, wandering far across the sea to the opposite shore, saw the very large and beautiful hotel built at its edge. His thoughts brought to him many clear pictures of evening cotillions and moonlit strolls at the water's edge with that bright, fashionable, worldly party. There was one, especially, who had always sought him, pre-eminently, during those evenings, and it was her handkerchief, that had had the greatest power in dispelling the charm of the sea.

"Some day, I hope she will be yours, my son." Again, the same words were ringing with discordant sounds, as they had done a few hours ago, when he had descended the steps of his mother's beautiful colonial home, with its thick columns in front reaching nearly to the height of the house.

CHAPTER 2.

A young men's college had a very beautiful situation in a small town many hundreds of miles distant from the site of Claire's mother's beautiful colonial home. A part of the village lay low, nestled close to a most charming river, but, another was built on a very high bluff, overlooking a very large and beautiful lake. The most prominent building on the bluff was the rambling university, from the windows of which one could not see land in any direction across the lake.

At one of these windows stood Claire, now at the age of twenty-one, and feeling that freedom should now be his. He was very glad to leave his home a few months after his mother had expressed to him her cherished desire for his future. She had abundant means, and, he knew well, that all would be his, should he accede to her wishes, and very little should he **not**.

He certainly needed a fortune for the future. He had never yet learned how to work. Now, these two years, which he intended to spend here, would be, for the most part, a pastime. He knew that. Living at a maritime place, and, by nature, loving the water, he had, from early boyhood, spent a great part of his life in the pleasures of the sea.

His ideal was not one of worldly affectations but of simplicity. "At least, the pleasures of the water are to me here, also, and now, with

this new, swift flying auto, I shall hope to find a new pleasure in reconnoitering this surrounding country, new to me."

CHAPTER 3.

Elaine's piazza was a bower of green during the summer, for the vines had nearly succeeded in covering the entire front of her very piquant home. A large lawn surrounding, and a beautiful variety of trees, assisted in making a perfect picture, when Elaine stood at the portal of the vines.

"What is more rare than a day in June,
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

—*Lowell.*

Everything breathed of this as Elaine stepped forth from the vine enclosure to allow the sunshine to dry the long golden tresses falling below her waist. She quickly passed into the side garden less exposed to passers-by.

As she was standing, with her head bent slightly to shield her eyes from the dazzling sun, a young man suddenly slipped from a hammock beneath the trees of an adjacent garden, and, with the long strides accompanying an honest sturdy manly form, very quickly took his place at Elaine's side.

She laughed a little at first, in her surprise. Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, she drew herself very proudly erect, turning her face away from the sun towards the usually very quiet street. Just at that moment however an automobile slowly passed.

John Hayden suddenly remarked, "An elegant auto, Elaine. I have never seen anything so handsome as that in our small city

before. But," suddenly dropping his voice lower, "I did not come to speak about every day affairs, but something the nearest of all to me for future life. I am going far away, Elaine, to seek my fortune. I know I am very young, Elaine, nineteen, and you a year younger. But my feeling of love for you is so strong, it is that of a man's heart."

"Do not stop me," as she made a sudden gesture, "I beg of you to have patience but for a moment. Pray, forgive me for snatching the sudden kiss of yesterday. Remember, we have played together from childhood. And then," thoughtfully, "can you not remember when, sometimes, I would snatch a light kiss after a quarrel just as yesterday."

"I am deeply sorry to have gained your displeasure, and will you not give to me, as an offering of peace and possibly of a little future hope, that 'bunch of violets pinned to your kimona?'"

Her form had long since lost its hauteur, and in simplicity, surprise, dreaminess, she stood. Obediently she placed the flowers in his honest grasp. Simply and reverently he kissed them and said, "Good-by, Elaine."

CHAPTER 4.

Serenity seemed to be the motive of this day, a week later, when Claire with a friend to accompany him, guided his automobile down the steep descending road-side from the college to the town. As Claire and Beaumont looked at the very quiet waters of the large lake, which the college overlooked, constantly seen from time to time through the openings between the bushes and trees by the road-side, Claire began to talk meditatively and confidentially to his friend.

"It was a week ago to-day, Beaumont, beneath this same beautiful blue reflection on high that I saw, in this quaint little maritime city of yours, the realization of an inspiration of a maid of the sea, which has many times occurred to me on account of my great love for the water."

"My auto glided on almost without my knowing it, after I had seen that picture, no longer one of a dream, but one of life to me now."

Beaumont leaned forward placing an honest, sympathetic helpful arm upon his new friend's shoulder. He had lived in this city all of his life, and Claire knew well was a very highly respected son of a citizen highly honored for many years in this city.

He knew that the prestige of an introduction from him would nearly place him upon the footing of a near friend at once.

The auto glided on, leaving the steep descending path merging into a level driveway, which tended for some distance toward a bridge, conducting them to the other part of the city in close proximity to the river. Then, quickly leaving the business part of the city, and traversing the handsomely built boulevards, it took a sudden left-wheel into the less pretentious parts of the city.

Then the force of Beaumont's honest nature could not help giving vent. "Where are you taking me? I fully expected to recognize your ideal in one of our handsome homes." Claire calmly answered, "In a few minutes you will understand." The machine continued its action through several streets of simple homes, with pretty lawns surrounding them.

When Claire stretched his arm forth, indicating Elaine's simple home, so enhanced by the beauties of nature, Beaumont said heartily, "you have chosen the rare simple beauty of our little town. Since a child, she has always been admired and respected. The early death of her mother made her the comfort of her father's simple home."

Claire had hoped for another beautiful vision of Elaine to-day, specially choosing a day favored to perfection by the elements, as the one a week ago. Unwillingly he turned his machine back towards the down-town district.

CHAPTER 5.

Beaumont, at once, began to talk to Claire about many subjects relative to the university teams, and many other pleasant social futurities. It did not occur to him that his friend's dream amounted to more than many which he, himself, had had and which up to this time had very quickly been forgotten.

But, suddenly, as the machine was very near to the cement pavement in front of one of the finest ladies' suit stores of the small city, Beaumont placed a deterring hand upon Claire's arm, whereupon he stopped the machine at once and Beaumont alighted. Claire scarcely had time to turn his head in Beaumont's direction, when the words were said, "Miss Tresmore, will you allow me to introduce to you, my friend, Mr. Fairfax?"

Claire acknowledged the introduction with the gallantry of a gentleman accustomed to the most refined ladies' society, which fell with very welcome impressions upon Elaine's naturally refined senses. And all the time Claire was inwardly in a whirl of delight for he had at last accomplished his object of the day, and he also found Elaine just as beautiful and pleasing to his eyes in her neat, plain, beautifully-fitting tailor-made costume, and hat most gracefully shaped and trimmed, as in her simple garb in the garden resembling his dream of a maid of the sea.

"Of course you know," continued Beaumont

in his very honest straight-forward manner, "that I have been attending lectures up on the hill during this year. I suppose my father has probably mentioned it to yours, as I sometimes hear him speak of talking with him on the street. My friend, Claire," motioning in his direction, "and I have had some most jolly times together. All the boys make the walls of the old "U" ring."

"But I was thinking the other day, that, during our vacation Claire and I would enjoy very much some pleasant visits with some young ladies of my acquaintance. May we possibly ask you to be the first on our list after our closing festivities?"

Elaine felt complimented by the request, for she knew her father had the highest respect for this son and his father, who was a man of wealth and honorary position in their town. She thus expressed herself in a very pretty, simple manner. Claire had also alighted some time since from the machine, and was standing by Beaumont's side.

As Elaine, after bidding adieu, started to take her departure, Claire brushed a little near to her, thus tossing a beautiful bunch of violets, loosely fastened to her jacket, beneath his foot.

CHAPTER 6.

Elaine's father was so proud of his daughter's beauty, and great refinement of taste in dress, that he could, according to his judgment, only consider it as a natural sequence, that sons of gentlemen of wealth should visit his daughter.

But, not so, the old housekeeper, with whom the mother had entrusted Elaine when but a child, begging her to stay and watch over her for as many years as it lay in her power.

Claire's elegant machine was seen so many times a most admired object in Elaine's simple neighborhood. Whispered warnings from Cordelia fell on deaf ears with Elaine. She had never been so happy before and that beautiful light coming into her eyes made her perfectly irresistible to Claire. Beaumont had called with him once or twice, and then had gone away for a summer vacation trip with his family.

Many beautiful evenings before the darkness settled, Claire and Elaine swiftly glided through the beautiful roads surrounding the city, past farms, orchards, and even vineyards and hill-sides of almost incomparable beauty. The mystic influence of the great beauty of nature, combined with the not to be surpassed sweet air of summer evenings before night-fall, fulfilled the work which Cupid had commenced by shooting his dart into Elaine's

heart, through the vale of Claire's refinement of speech and unrivalled gallantry.

Claire, himself, had never passed a more delightful summer, and had no obstacle obstructed, his pathway would have been, he thought to himself, forever happy to have continued under the influence of Elaine's wand of love.

CHAPTER 7.

Claire had always been accustomed to living a life estranged to a great degree from that of his mother. It had always seemed to him that she was so engrossed in the indulgence of her pleasurable tastes that from early boyhood he had quietly understood that her pleasure was not his pleasure, and had gradually thrown the veil of beauty which he most admired over his many idle hours.

So the mother now quietly understood that Claire was happily engaged in some way this summer vacation. But Helen Loe's persistence in following up an affection, which she, herself, had allowed to grow, with really no other encouragement than gallantry and flattery rendered by Claire to one, whom he well knew, it was his mother's one cherished wish should be his both by hand and fortune, caused Claire's mother to positively insist, by letter, on his returning home for two weeks before his curriculum for his second and last year commenced.

He sat in his tastefully decorated study adjoining his bedroom. He, although tall and well built, appeared small as he sat in a sumptuous leather tufted chair, it was so beyond ordinary size. His mother's letter had dropped from his hand to the floor and discontent appeared both in attitude and expression.

He wished his most happy dream of the summer to continue, not to be thus rudely

thrust upon and interrupted. Had the sea been smooth before him, he would have rescued his maid from the rocks and lived happily on some beautiful isle. But the dark high waves and yet darker sky, presenting themselves to his sight, intimidated him, able captain though he was on the sea, and suddenly awakening from his dream to reality, he quickly arose from his comfortable position, and sat in a desk-chair in front of a writing table.

CHAPTER 8.

On the following evening at five, Claire's automobile stood in front of Elaine Tremore's home, and Claire pushed the bell. It was answered, almost hurriedly, by Elaine herself, so accustomed was she to his many visits at this hour.

They were very quickly and happily seated in the "auto," and speeding over a smooth road, on a very high bluff overlooking the lake. Nothing could be more romantic in its bearing. There had been a light rain during the early part of the afternoon, rendering the roads free from dust, the air fragrant with the perfume of blossoming trees and bushes. The fruit hung from the numerous trees, in the many orchards that they passed, and the washing of the rain had given its many colorings exquisite beauty, which raised Elaine's happiness to an insuperable height.

Then Claire curved the course of his "auto" into a camp overlooking the lake. There were a few tents dotted here and there, occupied by a few people enjoying the summer in quiet solitude. This had been a favorite rendezvous of Claire and Elaine. But never before had he asked her, for a moment, to descend the bluff to the beautiful beach.

Elaine's proud bearing and quiet dignity, especially a little uncommon firm expression of the mouth, had always kept Claire within

an horizon, gallant but not familiar. Looking at her to-day with uncertainty, he almost tremulously asked that they might descend but for a moment, to enjoy the beauty of the scene to the utmost.

CHAPTER 9.

The descent was very quickly effected by Elaine with Claire's assistance. The beach was extremely narrow. In some places they could reach the underbrush of the hill-side, and, at the same time, the waves danced merrily beneath their feet.

A log, lying close to the side of the bluff, induced them to seek rest for a few moments. Elaine, under the influence of nature's freedom, and all-reigning power at this particular place, removed the dark hat of wide brim, which had only enhanced the more the pure simple beauty of the face beneath and the figure so tastefully robed in clinging, white summer attire.

"This is perfection, Miss Tresmore," began Claire. "The influence of the waves is always so powerful upon me that happiness always comes to me with their proximity. But, sometimes a lonesomeness, a longing for some one to be at my side, someone, who looks so pure and beautiful that I can imagine that she has suddenly risen from them, a native of them, comes upon me, when I am under the influence of their magic."

"But to-day," suddenly turning and looking directly and scrutinizingly at her slightly averted face, "no lonesomeness comes to me, for you fulfill my dream of beauty rising from the waves." She suddenly started and looked at him, somewhat affrighted, but he very

quickly detected at the same time a soft blush spreading over her face.

"Elaine," suddenly broke forth from Claire in his fervor, "I cannot restrain the bounds of my love. They have loosened themselves, and only now await your condemnation or approval."

The affrightened look had now no place in the beautiful eyes, but allowing her love for him to take its place, she, with childish simplicity placed both hands in his, outstretched to meet them with these words, "Claire, I love you with all my heart."

The bluff was not high, and some sound of every-day life was suddenly wafted to Elaine's ears, from the few frequenters of the little camp. It just as quickly called her, from her delicious sense of happiness to a duty to the voice of the world, and commencing, at once, to wend her way through the underbrush of the bluff of slight height, it was but the duty of Claire to silently, though unwillingly, follow her.

After they had ridden for a short distance in the automobile, on the return home, Elaine turned to Claire saying, "I fear that I have too quickly betrayed the deep secret of my heart."

"I hope that the treasurer of your secret is one whom you trust as well as you love," he responded, "for he has a boon to ask of his depositor, that the like bond of secret love exchanged to-day, may remain in her silent

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keeping, until it is ready for materialization by the acknowledgment of our fellow men."

CHAPTER 10.

Elaine sat in her pretty bedroom in a low wicker rocking chair. In her lap lay a little unopened package. She had the dreamy appearance of one at last thankful to have but her own thoughts for company. Finally, arousing herself a little from her lethargy, she moved her chair a little closer to her dressing table, on which was a reading lamp.

She commenced unwrapping what Claire had pressed into her hand, as he had said good-bye to her, after their ride during the early evening. A little note first presented itself to her, before a most dainty little box.

Wondering at once why there should be anything written, when she had almost but just left him, she commenced to read with eagerness.

"Thou art the pearl, the flower of the sea,
The diamonds, the waters holding thee."

"When you read this I shall have started on a two weeks' requested visit to my mother. May these words and the emblem keep thee wholly mine."

Elaine paled as she saw the words "two weeks." She felt that each day would be to her a year in time without seeing him. Then, suddenly, "to my mother" brought Elaine to a chiding of herself for selfishness, and she now began to open the box.

Involuntarily she started as the beauty of the pearl and the delicacy of taste of setting

flooded her vision. The many diamonds truly held the flower, and Claire's delicate compliment to her beauty placed him in her heart, on a yet higher pedestal of adoration.

CHAPTER 11.

When Claire reached home he found himself surrounded by the usual numberless festivities of fashion planned for him, which, to his dreamy, quiet nature, were excessively tiresome. He relieved the tenor of these, as much as possible, by lone sails upon the river and sea, which seemed to bring strength of endurance to him, for the almost constant encroachments of Helen Loe and her worldly environments.

It was now understood as the public attentions of Claire to Helen seemed to indicate, that she was the object of his adoration as heretofore, and whispers which were very pleasing to Claire's mother, began to circulate.

According to hearsay, plans were effected by the families on each side, so that Helen would spend her time abroad for two years, during which time Claire would complete his curriculum, and establish himself for a year in a profession in a metropolis.

Reports were spread from ear to ear, really emanating from the heads of the families of both interested parties concerned until what was to some time happen, and what he was expected to do, came at last to Claire, before he had ever thought of any such futurities.

But, allowing himself to drift, knowing that to attempt to turn the current of affairs would mean to put himself a lone man upon a sand-

bar, he gallantly acceded with Helen at his side to the cajolery of their gay friends.

CHAPTER 12.

Autumn brought the many students back to the college. Claire had had the field almost entirely to himself during the summer. He had retained his room, and his friends having left, his attentions to Elaine had been unknown.

Seeing now that his environments concerning Helen Loe were beginning to assume iron-clad appearances, he resolved to maintain as much secrecy as possible in regard to his beautiful dream.

The lovely rides in the "auto" ceased, bringing great regret to Elaine, for she had never before experienced such perfect happiness. Claire now called at stated times, far apart, at Elaine's home, during his second and last year, thus giving to Elaine's father a feeling of respect for him.

But many were the different little appointed meetings between Claire and Elaine. She felt uneasiness at times in keeping her secret from her father, but trust and love were synonymous with Elaine.

A beautiful little orchard lying open to passers-by, adjoined one of the homes a few paces from Elaine's. Often, early in the moon-lit evenings, in the shadow of a lovely, bowing, bending fruit tree, Claire stood, to be joined for a few minutes by Elaine.

The varying shadows and sounds caused by the many boughs of the trees obeying the

gentle influence of the winds, often brought trepidation to the lovers' hearts, for fear of intrusion upon the ever interesting interchange of love's confidences.

CHAPTER 13.

During the winter, when the beautiful growth of nature lay sleeping, thus being unable to spread its attractive pictures before Elaine, caught as she was in the sometimes intricate spider weaving of Love's Dream, then the full force of life without him bore its weight upon her.

Memories of this induced her, when once more beneath the moon-lit trees, at the end of Claire's curriculum, to consent to his entreaties for a secret marriage and flight to a large city.

One evening she left Cordelia for a little walk. No word of marriage was left as a comfort to the father. Claire had imposed strict silence. Only the words, "Do not seek me. I am safe and my happiness is assured with Claire."

The father, irate, denounced his daughter and to Cordelia, "Never mention her name, I shall forget her."

But Cordelia's keen eyes detected during the following year a deep sadness settling itself most forcibly upon his face, and a bending of the shoulders, never seen before in the very erect form of Elaine's father.

CHAPTER 14.

From the beautiful moon-lit, waving trees to the "auto," lying in wait a few paces distant, Claire and Elaine very quickly effected their flight, and then rode rapidly for several miles to a small town distant, where Claire had informed Elaine that a young friend, a minister, would tie their nuptial knot in the parlor of his small home.

Claire had found enough arguments and proof conclusive to convince Elaine that just a little financial pathway between his mother and himself needed a little professional clearance, and then she would be his acknowledged bride by his family and friends, and speedily forgiven for a short-lived secrecy in real marriage by her devoted father.

After leaving the little home in the little town, Elaine, believing that she was held in holy wedlock by Claire, and that his reasons for secrecy were all-wise and sufficient, gave herself up to the realization of a perfect happiness, which she had so long coveted, of being Claire's own.

To a metropolis, a thousand miles distant, they traveled, and an apartment in a suburb not very well known, being quickly secured by Claire, this became a place of unbounded happiness for a year for Claire and Elaine.

He had, in the city, a professional office, at which he spent only enough time to give his mother a written account of his industry.

His place of residence in the suburb was an unknown quantity to all who knew him in the city.

CHAPTER 15.

Nearly two years had passed since Helen had set sail for foreign ports and Claire's mother had gone with her. Letters now began to come to Claire, that they might soon be expected home. But, owing to the delightfulness of their visit, if Claire would not mind waiting for Helen for his own a little longer, they might defer their return for a few months.

Claire read his yet forwarded freedom with delight. But, as he looked in the futurity of time and saw that it would be about Christmas-time that he would be expected to claim a bride not of his own choosing, for his mother had written that the trousseau was chosen and all would be ready for culmination at that beautiful time of the year, Claire looked at a sea with troublous dark waters, and a terrific storm gathered in the heavily clouded sky, with a risk of its suddenly tearing away from him his beautiful dream of a maid of the sea, and compelling him to save but himself for all of this earthly futurity.

CHAPTER 16.

"Elaine," said Claire, on the morning of the second day before Christmas, "I have very suddenly been called home." She was holding a very wee little one in her arms and she very suddenly looked at him, affrighted, but still with eyes held in trust.

"You mean, I am certain, that you will now," looking down at her little cherished bundle, held yet more closely in her arms, "take us with you."

Claire turned suddenly, almost cruelly towards her, saying, "I mean nothing of the kind. I shall go alone. I have only a few minutes to talk."

With loving entreaties, Elaine clung to him until Claire felt himself beginning to weaken, and so summoned anger to his side. This caused Elaine to use her last resource.

With the hauteur that he had seen, at the time of his first vision of her she drew herself away from him, saying, "I, your wife, demand that you either remain with me, unprotected in a strange place and without a friend, or take me."

In a moment of cruel anger, he lost all control of himself and said, "Your claim can not be substantiated. A friend of mine, having no right to read the marriage service, read ours."

Although in such high anger he fully caught the sublime determination imprinted in the

pallor of her face, which the severe shock of his words had caused, and he saw his beautiful pure "maid of the sea" caught up into a most beautiful light and vanishing from him forever.

CHAPTER 17.

"It is dark and I am far from home, lead Thou me on," the words rang in Elaine's ears, with the reproduction of those sweet musical tones heard by her in the dim past distance of time, when she was a very little child, listening to a dear mother singing a favorite hymn.

The spiritual thought inspired helped Elaine to firmly close the door of what would be disgrace and sin, and start out into the world, without a name, to seek to return to her father, to ask forgiveness for allowing secrecy to enter into their paternal and filial love, for many years having been tied with tighter and stronger cords, on account of that loss, during early childhood, of a dearly loved wife and mother.

She had summoned to her aid all plain, dark clothing in her possession, a cape that she could draw about the cherished little one, held with loving tenderness under its protection, and a dark heavy veil that would keep her pale face from the searching looks of the crowds at the railroad stations.

Very quickly Elaine was conducted by the sub-transit into the metropolis, and she entered the first jewelry store presenting itself to her view.

It was only a moment, and then the beautiful ring, given to her by Claire, floated on the waters of past sad memories.

CHAPTER 18.

With timidity, yet with great bravery and determination of purpose, Elaine left the store, and started to find her way to the railroad station. She hoped that now she had sufficient to carry her safe once more into the simple home of her father. She knew that the price she had accepted for the ring was not at all its value, but knowing that holding anything of such beauty and wishing to dispose of it beneath her sad garb placed her in a position both doubtful and suspicious, she had accepted what was offered without a word of dissent.

Many times had she traversed these streets with Claire during their supposed honey-moon. The night was now approaching and the store windows were most entrancing to the passers-by, with their many and various colored lights.

These Elaine really did not even see. Knowing her danger in the surrounding wickedness of the approaching night which always lurks in the crowded thoroughfares of any great metropolis, her eyes were simply bent on swiftly gliding by and evading anyone of bold or trespassing appearance.

She was very familiar with the way leading to the station. Eagerly and quickly pressing forward, she was very suddenly stopped by a condensed throng on a street corner.

This, combined with the whistles and other lively sounds of the newly-invented toys for

this Christmas-tide street sale, suddenly made Elaine cognizant of the life and joy of the Christmas shoppers.

CHAPTER 19.

The loud, rumbling sounds, emanating from the elevated trains, constantly running overhead, produced in their turn their deafening impressions. Santa Claus, in his imitation garb, stood in front of the immense, elegantly decorated windows of the department store on this corner, and the street venders held their holly wreaths high in the air, with their cry for attention from the passers-by.

The little news-boys, none too warmly clad, held their own in the crowd with their sweeping energy and loud cries of the evening paper.

Elaine saw the people constantly surging from the iron staircase descending to the street corners from the trains above, adding their weight to the crowd, for the police to handle to safety across the streets.

The people stood with the deepest interest and pleasure before the store windows, many holding little folks upon their shoulders to view the beautifully dressed dolls and automatic wax-figures.

Charity presented itself also to her eyes, in the shape of maimed and crushed figures, and some plain and pretty faces of women, under the protection of the plain garb and extended poke-bonnets, belonging to city charitable organizations.

The many heavy wagons, elegant carriages, and automobiles were at last stopped in their

movements, and the crowd was ordered to "move on," or "hurry up."

So for several blocks Elaine moved through the fashionable shopping thoroughfare of the city, moved with an especially defined sense of the great difference in her present position, and that of the elegantly dressed ladies in the automobiles, where she felt in all justice should be her rightful place.

CHAPTER 20.

On Christmas eve, beneath a beautiful canopy of holly stood Claire Fairfax in the library of the home of Helen Loe. She descended the stair-case, the balustrade of which was entwined with ropes of holly. It predominated everywhere in graceful arrangement and profusion throughout the many beautiful tapestried rooms of this elegant home.

The bride's dress was an arrangement of marvelous beauty and of the latest mode, and beneath the point veil, Helen raised eyes radiant with happiness, as Claire moved slightly, gracefully to meet her. At that moment she was the object of the utmost envy to many of the young ladies most beautifully décolleté gowned, in their eagerness to see all, slightly pressing against the white satin ribbons forming the aisle for the passing of the bride with her attendants.

Very raputrously she greeted the kiss of her husband after the marriage had been solemnized, as he and she turned to greet the many congratulations of their kindred and friends.

"Man and wife," the world acknowledged them. There was no breath of dissent, and Helen, after experiencing the pleasure of indulging in the exquisite beauty of bridal, table decorations and catering, was led away chivalrously by Claire, only to be seen again by the

fashionably and beautifully gowned throng of friends pressing upon her, as she, in a superb traveling gown with Claire supporting her, managed to glide swiftly down the beautiful stair-case, and through the hall, to the already opened door-way, where she looked like a fleeting vision of perfect happiness, with the flakes of a fast-falling snow-storm portending their future chilling effect.

CHAPTER 21.

On this Christmas morn, Chanticleer had succeeded in leaving his foot-prints on nature. This was one of those rare mornings of winter on which one awakens to find that a silvery veil is covering each spreading bough of the trees and the innumerable twigs.

Silver sheen covered all of nature's foliage. Beneath a leaden sky, and with the earth covered with a fresh heavy fall of snow, so early in the morning scarcely disturbed by even a foot-print, stood the crystal trees and shrubs.

The icicles hung beautifully arranged in varying shapes and sizes from the edge of the roof of Elaine's piazza, and were surmounted by a crown of snow several feet high, covering the top of the roof of the piazza.

Elaine's father had been sitting in a large reclining chair, before a bright hearth, since the early morning hours. Disturbed in mind, he had been unable to sleep, for the returning Christmas-tide forced upon him thoughts of the daughter whom he had striven to forget.

He could see hanging in front of the fireplace the stocking of the beautiful little girl of long ago. It was packed to the utmost, overflowing, even tied with string at the top, to prevent its thrusting its contents upon the public gaze. Then, she, Elaine, suddenly appearing at the opposite door-way, in her little white night-robe and bare feet, unable to wait longer for Christmas joy; he feels her now

within his warm clasp, and, sitting on his knees, she, with glad cries of surprise, tumbles every article from the stocking into their laps, and the sides and corners of the old large chair.

The happy picture and the bright warmth of the fire at last have closed his eyes, and he sits, reclining, asleep; when suddenly a sharp cry of "Cordelia" rents the air.

CHAPTER 22.

In an instant from a little adjoining room the faithful woman is at his side, thinking in her great anxiety that Death must be near at hand.

But, instead, a terrible look of vengeance shot from the eyes of the father, standing in front of the chair, his body shaking violently with uncontrollable agitation.

"I have seen her in my dream," came from his lips in terrible distinctness, so that Cordelia at once knew whom he meant, "in terrible distress," he continued, "innocent deserted. Never shall I rest until I wreak my vengeance on the man who has ruined her life and mine. His life shall be my only forfeit."

Cordelia had stood transfixed, as it were, for a moment, when suddenly, a shadow cast from the front window seemed to intercept, for a moment, her gaze fixed upon him in his fury.

She raised her arm, as if to try to silence him, and then, "Pray, try to be quiet, sir, if only for a moment. Through the window, in all the heavy snow to her knees, I can see a woman in dark clothes. Yes," putting her hand above her eyes, as if wishing to be certain, "I am sure that bundle she is carrying is a child. On such a morn as this she must be in terrible distress to come to a stranger's home. Let me go," just for a moment, advancing to the door. "Let me see."

She swung the door suddenly, and the wo-

man fell exhausted, fainting, in Cordelia's arms. "Poor creature," came from Cordelia's lips, "wading through several feet of snow on the sidewalks of this town, at this early time in the morning, with this little one in her arms, has outdone her."

Seeing extremity like his own, Elaine's father forgot himself for a moment to give aid. "Go, Cordelia," authoritatively came from him. "Get restoratives. I will lift her into the chair by the fire, to give her babe and her warmth."

He gently lifted her from Cordelia's arms, and placed her babe and her in the reclining chair before the hearth.

CHAPTER 23.

Cordelia was detained for a few moments searching for and collecting together what she thought would be necessary to help her to throw off from the mother and child the bad effects which exposure in the early morning winter had produced.

Elaine's father began to pace the room and, just as his mood had been so suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the stranger, so now it seemed to just as quickly return. He forgot everything except his hatred and thirst for vengeance, and he began mumbling to himself; then suddenly broke forth from him in most pitiful sobs, "I have wronged you, Elaine."

He did not notice, for his head was bowed in his hands, and he had knelt before the fire-side in his distress; but the woman in the chair began to move, the hands weakly pushed up the heavy veil, which had altogether hidden her face, and raising herself a little affrightedly, "What did I hear? Where am I?"

Then in a second it came upon her, one glance at the old fireplace, and then the bowed, kneeling figure of the father before it.

Forgetting that she had in her intense weakness been almost unable to raise her veil, in her excitement she lifted the babe lying in her lap, placed it gently in the chair, and

stepped quickly, almost noiselessly to her father's side.

But nature was not to be resisted so easily and quickly waved her powerful scepter once more, and she fell unconscious before the father kneeling at the fireside in dire distress.

Cordelia entered just at that moment, her arms filled with comforts and restoratives, and heard the joyful, yet alarmed cry of the father, "Elaine! It is my little Elaine! She has at last come back to me."

CHAPTER 24.

Cordelia, in her surprise, nearly dropped all that she held in her hands, but after one look at the pallor of Elaine's face, she was herself at once, working with all her common sense, ability and material at hand to bring back signs of life.

But it seemed to be of no avail, and the poor woman finally broke down, weeping, saying tremulously, "I am afraid she is gone, sir."

The father had had no fears that she would not regain consciousness, and had been walking back and forth in the room thinking and wondering what had been the life story of his darling, while she had been away from him.

Suddenly, recalled now to himself, the same fear of Elaine's not recovering now possessed him, and he dispatched Cordelia hastily for medical assistance. Bending now over Elaine he worked with all his knowledge and power to restore her to life, but, at last, in despair, as Cordelia had been, he arose, possessed once more with the thirst for vengeance, and began to pace the room to and fro with quick strides, calling out aloud to be given power to bring justice upon the man who had done this deed to his beloved Elaine. With terrible distinctness and power came forth from him, "I will kill him."

The terrific force of feeling, and the loud tone following the restorative work of Cor-

delia, and himself, caused Elaine to be suddenly restored to consciousness, and with the opening of her eyes, had also heard the words.

"Father, stay! What would you do," came weakly from her. In an instant he knelt at her side, for Cordelia had long before lifted Elaine upon a couch in front of the fire-place.

On seeing her regain consciousness, beside himself with joy, laughing, crying at the same time, he gently took her hands, saying,

"Never mind, Elaine, just tell me, if you can, in a few words, about your life, since you have been away from me.

CHAPTER 25.

When Cordelia opened the door, hurriedly followed by the elderly, kind looking physician, they found Elaine with her arms about her father's neck, unravelling to him the story of her life with Claire.

"Sh," came from the physician to Cordelia, as he quietly put his hand upon his lips, and placed a deterring hand upon her arm, as she was beginning to advance to the fire-place.

Then the physician's keen ears heard the father say, quietly, firmly to Elaine. "The man who did this wicked deed shall give you your honor by true marriage, or, I swear, he shall meet death by my hand."

"Father," as excitedly as could come from one, in as weak a condition as Elaine's, "I could never trust him, love him again." Then pressing him closer to her, holding him tighter, she began to whisper, "I fear that I have not long to live, Father." "Do not let me feel that this sin, which has been committed without intent on my part, shall bring my father to sin against Him, who says, 'Vengeance is mine.'"

"Elaine," the father wept, "You ask more than flesh can do."

"No, no Father," came still more weakly from Elaine. "Dear Father, promise me. I feel that my precious moments with you in this world are numbered, and, listen! Do you not hear those beautiful Christmas chimes

from the tower nearby? So many happy Christmas days I have loved to hear them toll their 'Peace on Earth!' But, Father, never have the tones been so sweet as they will be to-day, if they bring forth to me by their appeal, your promise."

But still the father remained silent with bent head. "Do you remember," continued Elaine, while the chimes made the village air resound with their beautiful anthem, 'Peace on Earth?' Do you remember those lines from 'Snow Bound' which we used to read so many times, sitting by this fire-place together, when you would grow sad and lonesome without dear mother?"

"How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shown.
Henceforward, listen, as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still.
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,

No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
And stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play:
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

—*Whittier.*

CHAPTER 26.

Lower and weaker had grown the tones of Elaine as she repeated the last few lines. They were slowly said, however, and so distinct that the father in the intensity of his feeling did not notice their weakness.

The physician's ear, well trained, detected both the gradually increased weakness of the tones, and the very anxious look upon Elaine's face betokening her own knowledge of her condition, as she had not yet obtained her father's promise.

Quietly advancing, and bidding by a motion of his arm that Cordelia go to the little one, who had been disregarded in Elaine's great need, he gently took Elaine's arm from her father's shoulder, feeling her pulse, and said, "Man, whatever you have to say must be said quickly."

Then Elaine, with the most beautiful smile that the physician, in his almost life-long experience, had ever seen upon human countenance at the entrance of the gates-ajar, heard her father huskily mutter, "Somehow, somewhere, meet we must. In hours of faith, the truth to flesh and sense unknown."

And then more huskily, "I promise, Elaine."

"Peace on Earth," was still resounding far and wide through Elaine's native village, as the father clung to her lifeless form, her beautiful golden hair unbound, loosely surrounding

her like waves of the sea, gilt rimmed by the sunshine.

And the physician and Cordelia both looked sadly at the beautiful little one, who had been lifeless for several hours. "Only a few weeks old," he was quietly saying to her. "Too much exposure to frost," pointing to the windows, heavily coated, "and too much exertion through heavy drifts of snow," looking at them, banked in some places nearly to the height of the windows, and with a last lingering glance at the shadow of Elaine.

Sequel.

CHAPTER 27.

A year and a half have slipped by since Helen Loe was declared Mrs. Fairfax. On this afternoon, which is a very warm, pleasant one, she, dressed very elaborately for a lawn fête, enters their beautiful drawing-room, sumptuously furnished in antique style in mahogany and the latest shade of blue.

Her husband is carelessly reposing on a softly cushioned sofa. On seeing her, he rises, and then noticing the innumerable ruffles and feathers, he remarks jocosely, "Certainly, Helen, l'artiste has done all in her power for you."

"I am so pleased that you like it," came from Helen quickly, disappointedly. She would have liked a compliment as elaborate as her attire. Ever since their marriage there was always a ring to his pleasantries that seemed to tell her she did not quite reach his ideal.

Claire sat down, leaning slightly and gracefully against one of the cushions, and began to lapse into indifference. Another habit of his during this year and a half, which had gradually cooled Helen's ardent love, and she endeavored, as much as possible to satiate her unsatisfied heart with compliments of gentlemen of Claire's and her acquaintance, and the society and worldly life and animation of their companionship.

At last Helen broke the silence finally unendurable to her, but which Claire had not even noticed was silence, for he had unconsciously lapsed into dreaming of that sweet simplicity of attire, of the one of his dream of long ago, it now seemed to him, and he very visibly started, as if one awakened, when Helen remarked, "I am awaiting Mr. Labouchè to accompany me to the fête, as you said some time ago on my mentioning it, that you would not care to go, but perhaps one of our friends might be better pleased with this style of amusement."

"Just so, Helen," answered Claire indifferently. "But, by the way, was not the name always Labrousche, before the family took that European tour?"

Then, not giving her time to answer, he advanced quickly to the window from which there was a beautiful view of the river, entering with its wide mouth into the sea, "I'm off for a sail for a few days. I feel just in the mood of mingling my reveries and dreams with the winds and the waters," and before she was scarcely aware of it, he had very suddenly disappeared from her sight by stepping out of the low window onto the porch, and descending the steps, which led from the high bluff to the river beneath, where his steam launch was waiting.

Helen quickly stepped to the Romeo and Juliet balcony, for really so it seemed that it should be. But Love was not in the precinct

of these romantic surroundings, and Helen only saw Claire's attending sailor as the little launch steamed away. For Claire had entered the cabin, without a look or thought for the fair lady on the balcony.

CHAPTER 28.

Throwing himself quickly into one of the berths of the very small cabin Claire said to his craftsman, "Jeffrey, do not disturb me to-night. I am weary, and wish to sleep, with my door open. I wish to enjoy the lovely soft salt air breeze of the sea blowing upon me. Mind, on no account do you disturb me."

Jeffrey felt the emphasis of his master's remark, and bore it in mind during the night. Claire had perfect confidence in his ability, as manager of the small launch, for many cruises had they taken on the sea together. "Aye, aye, sir," fell from Jeffrey's lips, and then he gave himself up to his duties and silence.

Was Claire happy? Somehow the soft breezes did not soothe him as usual. He tossed from side to side in his berth. This last picture of Helen indelibly impressed upon his mind, seemed to bring before his eyes, one after another, so many beautiful pictures of the one of his dream, of her, whose simplicity had always charmed him. "Why," he kept saying to himself in his selfishness, "had she not been content to stay where he had left her, allowing him to come and go when he pleased? But now he was alone, lost without her, not happy, no.

"She, yes, he had heard she had left the little apartment. He supposed she had gone to her father, back to that simple small town

life. Why had she not been content to stay, live for him alone, not for the world?"

He never thought of Heaven.

Then a little jealous feeling possessed him, as he remembered his first vision of Elaine. "Yes," he supposed, "now, in time, she would marry that fellow who had stood in the attitude of protesting his love." And then his self conceit said to him in its turn: "How could she have deserted a fellow like himself, who could, as he had told her, in time have lavished so much expense upon her, for that simple fellow? Why could he not have been indulged in his dream?"

Then, at last, nature folded Claire in her wings of power, and he lay asleep and the darkness of the night wrapped itself all about the little launch.

CHAPTER 29.

A very large excursion steamer was wending its way through the sea. A fog had very suddenly and unexpectedly arisen above the waters, and the crew on the steamer were exercising all vigilance possible, with the search-light and fog horns.

Jeffry had fallen asleep; no, really he was only nodding a little when he afterwards strove to bring all to recollection, and when he had commenced, the night was beautifully clear. He was sitting up, he could remember, near to the machinery. Then, awakening, a slight haziness seemed to present itself to his eyes, as he went on deck, and he was at once on the alert.

He seemed to see a little light not very far distant, and, fearing a steamer might be near, he was about to call Mr. Fairfax, and then the words, "on no account, do you disturb me," came to him and he was just about to laugh at himself for his lack of confidence in his own ability; when, the haziness developed into dense fog, the light could not be seen; and, then, it seemed, but a moment—and, one end of the launch, the cabin end, where Claire was, was suddenly submerged.

The cry, "Ship Ahoy," was suddenly heard by Jeffry, and he was lifted, from his end of the launch uplifted in the water, into a little boat; then, into a large excursion steamer. As he looked, crying to all on board to save

his Master Fairfax, he and all heard nothing, saw nothing, only the top end of the little launch's highest rigging.

With awe, the aroused sleepers, of the large excursion steamer, stood on deck. Nay, many knelt in prayer for the saving of the life of the master in the dark waters.

But the life savers said, "It is all over. We can do no more. Any other life on board has been sucked by the water under the steamer."

CHAPTER 30.

Then all hope of saving this man's "Master Fairfax," was given up, and after all due excitement had subsided, the steamer plied onward for many hours, until she reached a very large city, depositing there her many passengers, and diffusing the intelligence of the very sad and much to be deplored, but unavoidable accident.

Such a heavy fog, coming so suddenly upon the sea, had not been known for years. But for the future, fog horns would be blown more often, and more searchlights would be used, and these promises comforted to some extent the hearts of many so disturbed by hearing of the heart-rending catastrophe.

After a few days, and there had been time for inquiry into the private character of the man, whose life had been ended in this world without time for one thought for the next, the rumors were circulated of a life, which had always been given up to self-indulgence and pleasure—never any necessity for work—one might say, a useless life, never any thought of doing good to that distressed half of the world of which he had never formed a part.

After his marriage a large fortune had been settled upon him by his mother, and his wife was a very wealthy lady.

He had spent most of his life in the pleasures of the sea. But charitable acts had been non est, and this rumor was very light, per-

haps without any foundation, but hearsay spoke of some entanglement not altogether creditable with a beautiful maiden, whom he did not marry, as she did not belong to his sphere.

A GOLDEN DREAM.

Give to me an isle for a golden dream,
An isle which may never far away seem;
An isle which oceans never sweep away,
An isle which lives until the break of day.

For such I would be borne on the dark night
In a child's soul with its winged birds of flight,
Living yet once again in its night's play
A dream of a forest of yesterday.

Gently it swoops beneath the eaves of trees,
Dreamily bears itself midst rustling leaves;
Wanders in the old time forest path,
Far from any rude word of the world's wrath.

In joy it lives in a perfect life
Far from an atmosphere of any strife;
With joy the weird cries of the forest ring
Which to a child's soul its loved music bring.

It now is swept by the currents of sounds
But with an echoing sound it rebounds,
Surely I may be a strong, lovely tree
And not an island buried in the sea.

For I wish to live the same life as thee
That some day of strongest oak I may be,
Humbly fulfilling ev'ry earthly task,
Sowing seed the world's Creator would ask.

Beautiful oak leaves now breathe within me,
Inspiring strength as you fall in your glee!
That at the autumnal age of my life
I may imbibe your blood wine for the strife.

When the winter crowns me with snow
Let there be then such joy as you must know ;
In might let me stand surveying the strands
Of acorns of His love in children's hands.

A GARDEN FOR JUNE.

Is there anyone who knows
Exactly the day
That this flower or that
Will put forth its rose?

It is better to gather
To June's flowery month,
Brother and sister
That live in the song
Of other month's weather.

O'er the world's heather
The wind blows all the year ;
There is not a petal
That some Season's windmill
Will not render sere.

Kind Fortune's Windmill
This year your arrow point,
That I may to nature
In unison dedicate
The year's beauty joint.

A ROSE BOWER.

A queen of a Rose Bower sang
Her sweetest melodies which rang
With echoes loud and clear and sweet
From a paved court-yard to a street.

'Neath curtain of green leaf and thorn
The sounds rang forth one early morn;
Perchance some stranger's ear to meet
Who would admiringly them greet.

Then from the turrets and towers low
Echoes of a rose chorus grow;
And with beat of cymbals and drums
A warrior on a steed comes.

With stature which is queer and gaunt,
Arched eyebrows and pointed beard haunt
The dreams of all who see his face
And form an old-time armor-case.

'Neath the steel is a heart of Love,
Searching for the carrier-dove
Hiding near a low portico
Wafting Cupid's letters below.

With an answering string and bow
Of Love's accents so sweet and low
The air with entreaties is rent
To fly from her rose-curtain tent.

The Knight has a devoted friend
Who cannot encouragement lend;
Who says that thorns of a rose lead
Him to believe she is a friend.

With the soft wings of Cupid's dove
The Rose Queen comes out from above;
Nods of approval thus are lent
To a suitor of true intent.

But a beautiful deer is wont
To bring more riders to the front
Than can in time their booty gain;
Some clashing steed meets Defeat's pain.

Other lovers with their drawn swords,
Wings of Cupid had blown towards
Rose Bower with intent to cull
Rose Queen with music's chanting lull.

Now as the deer with quickened ear
Lends to the chase of horseman near,
With flapping wings the dove thus waives
Her warrior to Bandit caves.

Wrest from the grasp of those stone walls
The beauty the Wild Rose enthralls;
That stolen necklace bring to me
From that time forth your own I'll be.

Coquettishly from the town's wall
She glances at her courtier tall,
Jealously he leaves his queen there
While her courtiers Love's glances dare.

The knight with his true friend departs
To win his queen's heart's prize he starts ;
Truest purity of Wild Rose
Shall be his own adorned one's pose.

The Steeds of Love and Friendship bend
Their footsteps in misty dawn's trend,
In windmills of roseate hope
In cynic's sails of creaking rope.

Faith and Doubt traverse mountain path,
Windmills turn into Dark Night's wrath,
Faith is bound by a bandit's rope,
While Doubt, asleep, breathes of no hope.

Faith bursts into such prayerful song
To Bandit to whom caves belong,
That crumbling wall of stone heart melts ;
Love from Bandit the Wild Rose wrests.

Then waking his quaking friend Doubt
To dream of miracle worked out ;
With stolen necklace in his hand
Love blesses all the Bandit's band.

With throat of song not yet defied
By the world's weary even-tide,
The Rose Queen in her own domain.
Does now her courtiers entertain.

The music of the dancing leaves
Then to the Rose Queen's chorus cleaves,
And ere she sups the blight of night
Love's raptures sings to a brave knight.

Preceded by his old friend Doubt
Who was in belief grown quite stout,
True Love with dignity now comes
As bridegrooms do who wed fair ones.

When the Rose Queen will not believe
Bandit would let the Wild Rose leave,
To her with Cupid's wings 'tis blown,
Love's necklace to make her his own.

Proofs of True Love then do her force,
With laugh and kiss and no remorse,
A witness to her falsity;
A lawful wife she cannot be.

Wild Rose's necklace purity
To own is for all such as he;
The town's winds of Rose Bower's tide
The knight now mockingly deride.

With his drawn sword he slowly rides
From white feathers at courtier's sides,
And with Friendship he does abide,
Defense of Life's receding tide.

He soon reaches the Desert Isle
Of Life to him as not worth while
And 'neath its blighted heavy yoke
Stands midst shadows of stoutest oak.

In Air Castle's Isle his heart dreams
Broken by True Love's sword it seems,
With Rose Queen's name last from his lips
Knight's True Love Sword falls to Friendship.

BLUE BELL AND ANEMONE.

Come, let us jingle in the dell
Midst forests which the woodmen fell;
Midst pines and ferns uphold our heads
On stems that are of fine grass threads;
Midst scented air our music rear
O'er sloping hill-sides far and near.

Let us waft onward from the lea
Song of the flower of the sea,
That to our humble message sent
'Twill be an accompaniment.
"Must we forever lowly be,"
Chant Blue Bell and Anemone?

The sea-air from the ocean strand
Mingles with that by pine boughs fanned;
Perfumes the air of many climes
With ringing anthems and with chimes;
'Till moon-lit strings of Cupid's bow
Are stretched by chords both high and low.

'Tis then he throws his poisoned dart
And cuts in twain a lover's heart.
"'Tis Nature's destiny," says he,
"Your life will ever lowly be."
"But I, a Bleeding Heart shall weep
For you on Earth and in the Deep."

"PANSY QUARTET."

A bunch of pansies
Was handed to me
It was in dark night
And I could not see.

I held them in hand
For some little time
Not dreaming in day
They would be rhyme.

Dropping them in water
In parlor vases
I thought the morning
Would bring fresh faces.

But I was busy
For at least two days
Forgot the pansies
Even for a gaze.

I then found singing
A little quartet,
"We are fresh you see
Forgotten to wet."

I felt the reproach
Of those that were left
Happy yet in strength
Not in life bereft.

"PANSY QUARTET"

"In book I'll press you
I'll not forget you,"
I said to the few,
For I'd found my cue.

And when I next looked
In that old scrap book
I began to rhyme
From that very time.

"You dear little band
Give to me your hand
Your song was so sweet
Now again we meet."

"Lavender and gold
Color of my mould,
Dark purple and white
Shades I think quite right."

Leader sang to me
As for distant tree
Then I looked at next
Listened for a text.

"My color is gold
Was always my mould
God gave this to me
'Twas his will to be."

"Gold illuminates
Purple of my mates
I have its fringes
Sang old time breezes."

"Quite light is my heart
 Purple other part
 Fourth elf sang to me
 Then in a near tree."

I searched earth and sky
 For I wished to try
 To find hiding elves
 That sang of themselves.

Leader stealthily
 Sings these words to me
 "Sing no more we can
 We have lost 'Gold Fan!'"

"RED TULIPS."

The day was dull and dark and cold,
 'Twas of Spring-time's earliest mold.
 No joyous song of bird was heard;
 No verdant bough had tree unfurled;
 The sky was of dark gloomy grey
 That seemed to Nature's life to say,
 "There's not a Light that could pierce through
 Such heavy laden cloudy hue."

World's Nature seemed without a hope,
 Though dismantled of Winter's rope
 Of snow and ice and winds that freeze
 The tufted grass beneath the trees—
 Without a hope of a new life
 Though freed from Winter's bondage strife.
 How could rejuvenation be
 For Winter's season frozen tree?

What is so cold and stark and dead
Must be forged with that molten lead
That in the sky above's so drear;
Reviving hand could not be near
From which it could regain its life
After such a War's battle strife.
So seemed the parting day to say
To Nature's soul life held at bay.

The day was done! 'Twas setting sun!
The tree's mill-race of Life was run!
But hound-like midst that dull lead grey
Sprang rays like gleaming teeth that lay
Their tightened hold on Heaven's tent
And new life for the tree was rent.
Midst purple, red and gilt edged cloud
Shone Heaven's blue from vapor shroud.

'Twas portent of Spring-time's new life
To dawn after a night's dark strife,
And through Heaven's own golden ray
A tree's death mantle slips away.
Nature's true and soul-born flowers,
Red lips of the tulip bowers,
Illumine Earth with Heaven's bliss,
A soul's rejuvenation kiss.

WILD FLOWERS AND VIOLETS.

Within the forest's cavern wall,
Within the hanging moss's pall,
Within the maze of leaflets sere
Cleaving to twigs and branches drear,
Midst trunks of trees in sea-weed surf
Of green velvet carpeted turf,
Midst the Earth's damp grief-stricken leaves
In which a lone traveler weaves
Not e'en a keen Indian trail
Scented to a neighboring dale;
To Winter enthralled in cold Death
A groping hand stretches with stealth
O'er the lyre of the Spring Song's tale,
On key-notes of fast falling hail,
In harmony of thunder show'r
With dread lightning's dense cloudy bow'r,
In splendor of the rainbows tint
With spectrum struck from stony flint
Of Winter's cold rule o'er the Earth;
Red, orange, yellow wild flow'r birth
With green stems and with green leaflets
And blue, indigo violets.

RED ROSE.

This night of red rose!
No darkness shall sear
The beautiful pose
Of twentieth year.

Each shows a year's life
Of the wedded bliss
Of forgotten strife
With seal of next kiss.

With our children dear,
Our friends the truest
United to hear
Words from Love's lips best.

A China Wedding!
I hear the near chimes,
A ting-a-ling-ting
In musical rhymes.

A girl eight years old,
The rattle's not seen
Our baby does hold
Soup plate's tambourine.

"My Dad's the dear man
Of all this land,
To Mama I'll fan
Heart beats of our band."

"In age I now stand
A mate to sister.
I live in Life's strand
Companion for her.

Yet older than she
With him we have fun,
A brother with glee
After us does run."

"And now another
I call him giant,
Our oldest brother
Now self-reliant."

"The music now sends
The toasts for this night
Of tried and true friends,
Nor more roses bright."

LILACS.

O, way down there under the lilacs,
The bushes are now almost trees
I seem to see hovering about them
A strong boy much under his teens.

Luminous eyes are upon me,
They can never far away seem,
Lilacs are forever upon them,
Bushes are evergreen I deem.

The sun did not always smile on us,
 The shadows reached the heart at e'en,
 But morning brought renewed endeavor,
 Forgetfulness night had it been.

The beauty of the flowers greater,
 The rain could only fall with pleasure,
 For it knew that after the storm,
 They were even more a pleasure.

O, flowers which come back each season,
 Forever with a bright, fresh team,
 May this boy and I look upon you
 For vigor as we row life's stream.

BABY FACE AND LILY OF THE
 VALLEY.

Green and white are the colors,
 "My Brother and My Sisters,"
 May there be for us today
 Sunshine's very brightest ray.

But this morning we had shadow,
 Nay, t'was more, it was a foe,
 Some one on our dainty bed
 Unconscious lay heavy tread.

Baby-face was but injured,
 And not entirely immured,
 Mother goes with all that fall
 When there is ambulance call.

Then she tells us to be bright,
He will watch us with His might ;
Baby-face will soon be well
Then again in place she fell.

So my Lily-bell ring on !
May the sound never be gone
That to the Baby-face brings
Joy and gladness as he rings.

Let us now begin our spread
For each little baby head ;
Nothing should mar birthday joy
Is the thought of girl and boy.

"White crown was upon her head,"
Lily-bell to himself said,
"Baby-face my heart enthralled
The hospital of this year called."

"Come next year, my Baby-face
Help me in all life year's race ;
I, Lily of the Valley
Birthday glee shall ring for thee."

TIGER LILY.

My Tiger Lily in bloom
During last days of June,
Your dagger within you bent
With determined intent,
To pierce as quiet you lie
June's month into July !

Prancing position you take
Not one in the least tame,
Lest someone should penetrate
Your dense jungle of hate
Tall sun-gilded grassy sheaves
Close to the cherry trees!

Beautiful tawny shade stripes
Those that all the world likes,
Held in a lily-cup bell
No sound from which does knell,
Death note of blade of grass beneath.
Where should be your prey's wreath!

But with a stealthy spring
Lily leaves from earth's hinge,
Encircling are not now loath
To devour grassy growth,
Tiger Lilies' tall stalks heap
Seeds they will in time reap!

Not long ere time will be nigh
July by June defied,
Sword of Tiger fully blown
Will lay low with its own,
The grass sword blades in its place
From earth's hinge interlace!

BACHELOR BUTTONS.

Small flower with various dainty colors of
delicate hues,
By their name to children bring thoughts that
amuse,
As they pick them they are careful to not lose
One from a bouquet to be put in a cruse.

Of the gorgeous flower world these are cher-
ished rings of rows of pearls,
Which can not be worn by any of the girls
For as their own flower world around them
whirls,
Can it match Bachelor Buttons it unfurls?

FORGET-ME-NOT BOUQUET.

Spray of Forget-me-not;
Daintiest of all ferns,
Of what else I know not
Encased in silver urn.

Do you see that pearl pin?
It is not on the top.
For my heart 'tis struck in,
'Tis not a real dewdrop.

Let me tell all my kin
Weather devastates dew.
Can you hear amid din?
Pearl heart is ever new.

FLAGS.

"All of them are out,
Scattered all about;
Tomorrow morning
Them for you I'll rout."

The flags stood erect,
My dresser they decked.
A lady brought them
And then she had left.

Purple and yellow,
Have you any foe?
I hope that this
You may never know.

My faith I you trow,
I am sure you know.
Although you may fall
You are never low.

The iris brings bliss,
You can never miss,
As fast as one furls
There are more to kiss.

MY LADY PINK ROSE.

She had clambered through the days of summer
on a trailing vine,
Heat had fully developed her in the beauty of
her line.
Hers was the crown of ancestral family bliss,
Living at the top of a near window trellis.

Sitting in silvery rays of moonlight of a summer night,
Visions present the rose as a mystic neighbor lady bright.
She is transfused with the purest white moon-beam rays,
Shedding light to an invalid of many days.

Daintily seeming to tread the steps of high ladder trellis,
She looks at me as if there was something that she would fain miss,
She asks, "Is there anything that I can do to bring
The elastic movement your steps once seemed to sing?

Leaning on the window ledge watching the moonlit sky and her,
I scanned the twinkling stars and the man in the moon as it were;
"These," I said, "are ever the same, they appear again,
By no energy of nature are they ever slain."

"They are ever helpful after dark cold and bitter or wet night;
Soon with a bright sympathy they meet us and cheer us by their light;
My steps with lively music never more ring
But silvery tunes "My Lady Pink Rose" will ever bring.

POND LILY.

Upon its mirrored dell
The pond lily's leaf fell,
Once a folded sheaf
Of a large curved leaf
It had kept from the reef
Of the sun's hottest glare
Its lily-bud
'Twas hidden there.

It is now strong enough
To not wilt with rebuff;
Redhot iron rays
Will help with their blaze
As they whiten the sand
O'er all the seashore's world,
To give its bud
White petals curled.

The lily-leaf lies flat
As in a circle mat;
It rests now with ease,
Only feels the breeze
Of the water's caress
That's held within the folds
Of stagnant pools
In seaweed dress.

Life's energies tied!
While youth at its side
In beauty will now thread
Its soft petals to tread

Clearer surface waters
Further from the confines
Of any limit
Of its borders.

It will sway to and fro,
With any wind 'twill blow ;
By storms it is caught,
With strength they are fought,
Its beauty has increased,
When the seal of success
Is Nature's crown
Of pure white down.

Ripples may come some day
To it will bring the sway
Of some one quite near,
Who will hold it dear
In intense enjoyment
Of delicate perfume
Of lily-bloom
From old leaf rent.

Age gazes at the place
Of its own gilded race ;
It is far away
A beautiful day ;
It lives in filmy gauze,
It is admired by all ;
The parent's stem
Espoused its cause.

SUN-FLOWER.

With the golden fluttering edges close by
Was hidden a very large round brown eye
It was with weight that the head was bent
Upon caring for manifold seeds intent.

A storm had made the fluttering edges frown,
Eyelid of brown eye, petals curled down;
Wind from the sky shook the petals dry,
They awoke with a start and a leaflet's sigh.

With the strength given by the sun in the sky
The head was lifted when noon drew nigh;
The seeds were ripened with the sun's warm
ray
To be dropped in earth's bed for flowers next
day.

Hark! All ye of power in this world's domain,
Emerge from war's discouragement's pain.
Let zephyrs assail you, God's love nigh,
Sunflower and its seeds are living close by.

DAISY.

White fringes and gold,
The story's told;
The prairies love her
For June's cover.

Gold is her dower,
Purity her bower,
The children advance,
Around her dance.

They love to pick her,
Sometimes incur
School tardy mark's wrath
For bouquet's path.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
Hear the bell ring!
But still children hold
Pure white and gold.

The old story's told,
Never grows old
Held by His purity
"Storm of the Sea."

THE WIND-MILL.

The wind-mill turns while this world's life
Pursues its busy hum of strife;
The arrow turns North, South, East, West,
At the fluctuating behest
Of varying currents of air
Through the sky's mystic cloudy lair.

Through Nature's mysterious way
The air and wind come to the day;
'Neath its sunny or cloudy eye
The trees o'er the world breathe or sigh,
Or in a warring storm they fall
And lie lowly in their death pall.

In the world's forest thus storm swept
Sometimes not e'en a tear is wept;
Ere the force of the storm is spent
There is no soothing rain-drip sent,
Though 'neath heavy cloud-laden sky
The aggrieved forest would fain cry.

But when the winds have rolled away
The massive clouds of black and grey;
Then comes the dawn of sunshine might
Piercing the forest with its light,
And here and there the pure gold lays
Of reflection of the sun's rays.

In Nature's fallen trunks of trees
Are raised shafts to Life's memories;
Thou warriors ruthlessly slain
Thy heart's strength cut by war in twain
Thy shadowed life of loved brethren
Is Heaven's image to all men.

A CLOUDY MORN.

I rose in the early morn
Of the dark night shadows shorn
But some clouds had not been torn
And the day looked tired and worn.
The storm very quickly burst
The strong winds appeared at first
But the earth was so athirst
Torrents of rain were the worst.

"Red road in front of our cot
You have never looked so hot
I watched when the first rain dot
From the heavy clouds you got."

All the cherries on the trees
The green and the yellow leaves
Rain drops form the cottage eaves
In a dower of diamonds weaves.

In a beautiful large tree
On a hill in front of me
A sylvan elf there might be
That has hold of nature's key.

When the trees upon the hills
Wave and turn like wind mills
The dark storm the blue sky kills
With soft breezes the air fills.

Day has had its refreshment
Joy to the world has been lent
The clouds have all been storm spent
Nature's anger was thus rent.

THE FISHER BOY

Standing on the shore
Is a little fisher boy.
 He is astride
 Watching the tide.
Do not him annoy!

Very searchingly
He is looking far and wide.
 To sea he'll go,
 Fish line's his tow,
He tells Dad aside.

Neath sun's hottest rays,
Father and he on the pier,
 Throw out the line
 That will in time
Dispel all his fear.

Navy's flag on the pole,
Five pointed stars on blue ground,
 They do entice,
 It will be nice,
A soldier grave's mound.

He does like the sound
To him it is musical
 He had been brave
 Him the world gave
Fame universal.

The fisher boy has gone!
But a short life's race and run!
 Long life's power
 In His dower
May "Thy will be done."

BOUNCING BESS.

Nature! Thou mysterious loom!
Spin with thy finest threads thy doom.
From thy spray make thy finest weave
On each shore thy impression leave,
In the slipping and sliding sand
Cleaving every Fatherland.

On the shore-line now travel on
Forever weaving, never wan.
E'en though the mist shall shroud thy sight,
Let not thee receive its full blight.
With thy needle firm in thy hand
Make thy impression in the sand.

In the full darkness of the night
Yet press, press onward in the fight,
Though a storm with its billows high
Makes thee to heave and roll and sigh
Steady, steady though without sleep
In thy hand firm thy needle keep.

If the world's battles are yet on
In the earliest hours of dawn,
In the great surging billows place
Thy heart's loom to win the last race.
Courage! Courage! Be now thy star,
Guiding thy loom riding afar.

Press onward with thy mortal fight
In the morning hours of the light
If thy needle's work is the right

Work it with all of thy loom's might,
E'en though with courage thee may die
In thy hand let thy needle lie.

Ever some soldier there will spy
Thy loom and needle at its hie;
To its caressing foam and spray
Will at the feet of Nature lay
His life, if need be, none the less
Neath loom-like fields of Bouncing Bess.

THE WIGWAM.

Irregular in line they stood
The sturdy tall trees of the wood,
The sapling underbrush close by
With uplifted arms to the sky,
In hope that its strength might some day
Live in Nature's mature array
Of dark and mossy spotted trunks
Oft cleft that to dryads and monks
And elves of centuries of lore
The secret hiding places bore.

One night a golden moon arose,
And lit the forest in its pose
Of leaflets of youthful saplings,
Of needles grown of spruce-pine rings,
Of leafy boughs of riper age,
Of ripped bark of fairy adage,
Of youthful ardor and of vim
Of strength and Life's mysticism,
Through paths of dried and sunburned leaves
Beneath a forest's wigwam's eaves.

Dark shadows and gold moon-beams
Through the forest's enchanted dell,
And breezes whistling through the trees
Were echoed by whispering leaves,
Whose hushed voices fell on the dead
Withered leaves in the paths and said,
"For our loved wigwam we repair
Your waste as you lie in your lair;
'Twill not be long, 'twill be our price
To give our strength in sacrifice."

ELDER-BERRY.

A billowy sea
Swaying before me,
Five pointed white stars
Imprinted on Heaven's blue gaze,
In Summer's morning
When there is no haze.

All the blue sky sees
Stars of Elder-berries,
Five pointed white as snow
In many clusters raised on poles,
Five blossoms in each
Mold seed vessel holes.

Pretty humming bird
The sweet blossoms gird,
Sipping with his beak
Food which to his nest he'll take,
Elder-berry's branch
He'll now forsake.

He's received pontoons
From Nature's looms,
He'll flit now and fly
Humming as the bee with his train
Eagerly follows
Aero hydroplane.

He lights on the wire
Of the vines, tuned lyre,
Strung of tender strings
That to it the tendrils may win,
Entangled in lair
Humming's rare din.

In winter's morning
No stars adorning
Blue heaven's white haze,
Billowy sea, crystals on lea,
The flag poles rent,
War storms on the sea!

Humming bird long ago
Had been laid very low,
Once again in flight
By Winter's night it had been caught,
Elder-berry's verse
To world will be naught.

THE PINES.

From the spreading boughs of the trees
The birds chirp merrily at ease ;
Every morn at rising hour
They fly into their piney bow'r,
And with the music of their lay
Inspire the first thoughts of the day.

The morning's bugles thus erase
The dreams of night that they encase ;
For in echoing silver strains
Are lost the darkest night's refrains,
And in the song bird's sweetest tales
The day is launched with silver sails.

Midst silver stars and bluest seas,
Midst ripples dancing on the leas,
Midst silver sheen the day sets sail
To water's musical bewail
Of weeping maidens lost to sight,
Mermaids attired in gauzy light.

Gilt and dark leaf the spiders leave
In phantom nets of silver weave ;
As Day's mermaids with silver oars
Dip sunlight and shadowy shores,
Where on sand bluffs the tallest pines
Guard them in their sentinel lines.

In Ship's ethereal array
Is days destined to sail away ?
In pines strong in shadowy might

Are sylvan maids concealed from sight?
How dost thou deem to fade away?
Wilt thou tell us? Oh! Ship of Day!

Ah! Then again we hear the lay
The words the silver bugles say.
But no longer wrens sing the song
That now the whip-poor-wills prolong,
Whose sweet clear tones in azure light
Echo the day into the night.

EVENING LIGHT.

The earth was blessed with Heaven's dew
Of silence which over it grew;
The world's looms ceased their busy whirrs
When sun-flowers enclosed their burrs;
The fisherman drew in his line
Which he wound on his reel of twine;
The ripples lapped the river shores
With homeward bound travelers' oars;
The gulls flew in the golden wake
Of sunset over sea and lake;
Rocking of ocean cradles lay
In seething and whispering spray;
Dumb animals slept in the bow'r
Of dimness of the twilight hour;
No light approaching from afar
Appeared the Heaven's brightest star
From whose harp strings, sweetest e'er strung,
Silver Evening Light was wrung.

EVENING STAR.

The night's evening shades are drawing nigh
To kill the luminous light of the sky
Whose beaut'ous tints near the horizon stay
In gorgeous beauty at the end of day.

Shadows tinge loved tints with pitiless cold
Then Night with bold fingers does them enfold
The stories of some days are not finished
Victories of the light are relinquished.

Shooting stars fretted by their prison bars
Break from their cells as if they're iron cars
And ride through unknown space leaving no
trace
Of the future places they wish to grace.

Lost forever in the sky's firmanent
By impatient hazardous fevers bent
Adherence to their own might have them
blown
A light to Heaven as Venus is known.

The appointed herald of the moonlight
Which in victory vanquishes the night
She is forever brightest in her glow
Lovers in her near light do plight their trow.

Night never comes to Humanity's Day
That can not be lit by a moonbeam's ray
Its ev'ning shades, with iron door ajar,
Are lit by the flame of the Ev'ning Star.

"BALKAN KILKISH."

I awoke one morning early
Naught had disturbed my ease
It had been but peaceful forgetfulness
Of all that the busy world weaves.

I saw through an open window
Golden rift in the sky
It was sailing as a golden vessel
In hope with a storm close by.

It led me to scan the landscape
To peer at the tall trees
That stood like many sentinel dryads
As yet not swayed by the breeze

Then appeared a maize of soldiers
Of many yesterdays
Only smaller trees in reality
Coming to an acute gaze.

I was in the thickest woodland
Of hand to hand fight small trees
The storm from heights descending upon them
Had scarcely disturbed their leaves.

The flames from fast falling lightning
Lashing tongues were naught to them
In might so closely wedged together
Their garments they only touched the hem.

But wandering from the valley
Ravines were now the magnets
The wailing strongly storm spent fir trees
Felled by nature's grenade lancets.

The victorious vanishing
No sad lone pine tree not pursued
The sky's dark angry looking cloud burst
Seems yet anxious for another feud.

But it is suddenly gilt rimmed
The golden sun sailing by
May all battles like Balkan Kilkish
In the light of His Son forever pass by.

THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

In rainbow tints that will rebound,
Diamonds sparkling in the ground
Are ever loved by all the world
For the colors they have unfurled.
A distant forest dark and drear
Sends the sad message of a tear,
Dropped from a dying soldier's eye
'Tis one of earth's dew-drops near by.

With joy it lays its life down here
Beneath the leaves both dry and sere.
No tinge of fear is in the crest
Of heart foam sheathed in armored breast
Of duty done to God and home,
The fireside where the last thoughts roam,
The Christmas pines that never fail
To hear a missing one's bewail.

By enemies' explosives fed
The trenches are alive with dead;
The cannonade is not yet stilled,
The air with shot and shell is filled;
In wreaths of smoke the trees are tossed
Wrapped in shrouds of Life's valor lost;
But above all is that dread mist,
Loved ones searching Christmas death list.

GOLDEN ROD.

We roam through fields of golden rod
Which wave and ever sweetly nod
And beckon midst wild grasses tall
To us, while round about us fall
The soldiers of the whole world's pride,
Who die as brothers side by side
United in the happy thought
That their treasure cannot be bought
Of priceless gems set in a crown
Of country's life not yet put down.

Joyful is all Life's sacrifice
E'en though it be Death's darksome price.
If at the end we reach the goal
The dearest of all to the soul.
Yet, why let the wild grasses grow
That we must the golden rod mow
Of Nations' bone and sinew strength,
Might there be none for us at length?

With Golden-rods' beautiful glow
May Nations' gentle peace seeds sow
Of country's love without dissent,
Of wild anger forever rent
Of the desire with deadly mow
To entirely destroy its foe.
By world's rivalry is not meant
That destruction should thus be sent.
But each one striving for the best
Gives to world's strength its greatest test.

SHADOWS.

Beneath the cottage porch's eaves,
Within the shadows of the leaves
Entwining it with a sweet grace
Vines with Love's tendrils interlace
The thoughts of one with ear intent
And eye of Nature ever bent
To hear and see its bugles ring.
Of buzzing flies and birds that sing
With joy to which there's no alloy
Of discordant sound to annoy,
While sitting watching idly by
Where God to us on Earth is nigh.

For with the scented country breeze
Wafted from a hill's forest trees,
There comes to all a whisper low
Of unknown Presence all may know
Who live a life of that sweet trust
Which ev'ry bird and flower must

That lives within shadowy eaves
Of blending boughs and forest leaves,
And knows that time when joy is nigh
Is when the sunlight from the sky
Gives it the blessing of Life's might
God's gift to those who love His Light.

THE PRISONER'S CHRISTMAS.

Years, years ago I was a little child,
Born in a shepherd's hut on a hill side.
Life then to me was an enchanted dell,
To-day I pen the picture of Life's Hell.

"Dark is the prison-hole that I am in ;
There's nothing here that is to joy akin.
O'er the old hill side a Christmas bell rang
Here is the rattle of my pal's chain gang.

"Many's the year I've worked on public roads
Breaking up the stones of many car loads ;
Thus speechless I've stood at the Christmas-
tide
With orders to speak to none at my side.

"This year I'm a crippled enfeebled man,
'Tis sure to not live much longer I can
With work given to me in this locked cell ;
I wish I'd listened to the Christmas bell.

"But with the strength of impetuous youth
I struck a man down for some words uncouth.
A stalwart country shepherd's build was mine
Soon he lay dead there by that old grape vine.

"He was not a man of my humble caste,
Judgment's grappling irons soon held me fast.
My name was taken from me in this life,
A number given for the prison strife.

"Endless was my imprisonment to be
There was no repentance for such as me.
This world's judgment seat was hard and rigid,
My heart was to be of earthly hopes rid.

"But now as I think of that Christmas bell
Did I ever hear in it such a knell;
With Time's repentance would Heaven's gates
close
To sinners before Him in kneeling pose?"

CONVOCATION.

Herald thou! Peony king!
To thee we bring all flowers
'Tis a beautiful bower
In which you tower
With these encircling.

We bring thee many blossoms
A gay canopy is yours
Season's colors march in file
Thou viewest meanwhile
As each slowly comes.

A most reverent bow
Which is very natural
Each one to the king makes
When blossom bud takes
What is't to endow.

We are very proud of you
Waved flowers from their bower
As to the memories renew
When the old winds blew
King gave them their dew.

Smiles from the procession file
Make hearts of old flowers glad
Then from ivy-covered wall
Sounds of applause fall
Echoes heard a mile.

Scarlet of rare poppy's red
Color of hood among men
With head bent calls once again
Those the king would ken
Honored flower bed.

Bids music lend to the winds
Her charms obey his commands
As these in their pride advance
And with slow entrance
Nature's choicest binds.

With these puts on some like gown
And hood of beautiful hue
As courtiers stand in a ring
Of other realm's king
Of far college town.

Fairest columbine reviewed
In thoughts of those far away
Where clinging ivy now stands
In beautiful strands
Close to stone walls nude

King expresses his desire
"Baccalaureate Address"
He takes Jack in Pulpit stand
Among his gay band
And uses his lyre.

Horticultural intent's
Today's tide is at high ebb
Co-operation in cause
Antiseptic gauze
Will you give a pence?

There are none in world so dense
But that we might them impale
Canary Peony bring
That these walls may ring
Sing Brother Sing, Hence

Like some pure white butterfly
With a touch of yellow hue
As with vari-colored bands
The canary stands
Flitting a good bye.

Among vari-colored hue
Marching season's gay ribbands
Insignia of their corps
Sings to one he wore
"To you I'll be true."

This is ringing in the air
It is not so long ago
That I found upon a reef
A pretty fern leaf
In rose boutoniere.

"FLEETING VISIONS."

CHAPTER 1.

An invitation was extended to me to a reception, in the art-rooms of my native city. After an acknowledgment of the kindness of the receiving ladies, I passed from one room to another, looking at the collection of pictures with intense enjoyment, until at length, physically weary, I sat down in front of two pictures, whose complete dissimilarity, and yet neighboring vicinity attracted my attention.

One was a sea-scene representing mothers' and children's enjoyment of bathing pleasures; its neighbor, a war-scene.

I was surprised by a delicately beautiful lady suddenly pausing before the identical pictures so interesting to me. It was only for a minute that she thus stood, but long enough for me to notice the rich complexion change, as a youth of very fine appearance joined her, a quick recovery of self, an impulsive clasp of his hand, and disappearance from the view of the two pictures.

A few years later, I was lying on a bamboo settee on the large piazza of a small summer cottage, enjoying the beauty of nature surrounding me. The sky was of a beautiful deep blue, a bird twittered in one of the forest trees on the small hill, which

rose from the road in front of me, and, at a short distance, the waves were enjoying their daily playfulness on the sands, sending the echoing sounds to my ears.

The bird suddenly flew, from the pretty forest hill-side, into a little tree close to the road, and thence into the tall grass of a neighboring meadow-land, picking from the earth crumbs, and then lending its wings to flight into the beautiful, warm, sunshiny depths above.

"THE WORLD."

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of
miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,

"You are more than the Earth, though you
are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

—*Lilliput Levee.*

"Cuckoo!" I heard very faintly the cottage parlor clock strike, and then—

I seemed to be with a very large sea-bird, far away in a different clime, of tropical growth, even a bluer sky, of snow-capped mountains, smoking volcanoes, and we were close to a surging sea, in the top-most branches of beautifully spreading trees, looking down at the figures of a very few people on the lower branches.

As I looked a little higher into a bluff, I saw a beautiful villa, and then I knew that I was in some private summer resting place of some one of high distinction, and, as I gazed again, I saw the face of the lady, whom I had once seen in the art-rooms, and children were lying on the spreading boughs of the trees around her. She was smiling at some of the children's sayings, and the bright light of happiness, spreading over her features, gave her an air of sublimity in her easy pose among the beauties of nature.

But, suddenly, a look of care came, and I saw her lightly jump from the branches of the trees, and hasten to the water's edge. With her hand, lifted to her forehead, to protect her eyes from the searching rays of

the sun, she scanned the beautifully green tinted waves with their foaming spray, until, after a light waving of her arm to some distant object on the water, I, at last, saw that some one was moving toward her, and, finally, a young man of noble mien, her son, for so I heard her call him, the youth, whom I had once seen with her, came out of the waves. According to the impulse of her warm, loving nature, typical of her country, she threw her arms about him, and then, quickly releasing, looked at him radiantly.

The bird flew to the villa, and perched at eventide, where the beautiful library and its occupants were visible. At the table close to the lady sat her husband. I knew this at once from the resemblance of the young man. The father held a paper crunched tightly, and he watched her closely, as he spread it before her. I saw that it had an official appearance, and, that even the father, of the strongest appearance in both form and character, visibly trembled with strong suppressed emotion.

I now saw an ashen hue spread over the mother's delicate beauty, and, as he clasped her hand firmly in his fear for her, and both heads bowed as if in silent prayer, he said,

"Our son must leave our home to-night, for a foreign port, to fulfill his duty as commander in the navy. Our country has been attempting to avert partaking in this war of nations for many years, but as ours is the

only one which has no monetary interests involved, we can unselfishly intervene, and hope to prevent thousands of people, including many innocent women and children lying entrapped, from being mercilessly slain. We must keep ships from supplying arms."

The pallor of the delicate lady had deepened, and, in a few minutes, the bird flying to the edge of the roof, I was looking into one of the beautiful bay-windows of an exquisitely flowered tapestried bed-room, with a view of many miles over the sea.

But the mother's head, so carefully placed by loving hands among the soft pillows of the couch was turned in the opposite direction from the sea, and the expression of her face pictured the "Breaking of Home Ties."

A few hours later I was following a huge war vessel, steadily and determinedly pursuing its course through the beautiful moon-lit waters, and once I caught the fearless, undaunted expression of the young commander, standing at duty's call with love of country stamped upon him, not only by the insignia of his uniform, but by his countenance, as he lifted his head toward the starry firmament, for heavenly inspiration to fulfill his duty, whatever the cost.

In the very earliest morning hours, he was peering into the distance with the aid of a glass, and I heard the words muttered, "A Ship with Arms. But we shall reach shore first."

Then turning his glass in all directions to be certain that he had lost nothing within sight, he said,

"Another ship, but not a war-vessel. Of that I am certain even at great distance."

A little time elapsing, I saw him land with his cannoneer, and plant the cannon on shore pointing to sea. At a short distance away from the sea, on the high hills, almost mountains rising to my view, were on the one side, numberless gleaming lances and fiery steeds, and, on the other, as many variously colored uniforms and guns. In the valleys was a sea of humanity.

The son had his commands from the brave father, who had many times taken risks of his life for love of his country. No time was lost. Alone he stood with his cannoneer. Soon signs of surrender of the "Ship with Arms" were perceptible. Explosions had set the magazines on fire, and the large amount of water necessary to keep the fire under control was sinking the ship.

At the same time in the hills near at hand, I discerned a huge cloud of sand, which spoke of the rapid disappearance of the steeds and gleaming lances. I heard a terrific shout of joy rise from the valleys, and a cessation of hostility was visible among the numberless gayly uniformed armed throng.

CHAPTER 2.

The hour of sunset was at hand, and through the gaps of the hills a fiery furnace had glowed, reflecting tracks of gold on the deep blue of the sea. Then dense smoke surrounding those at the cannon had been wafted in the direction of the hills, transfusing them with lovely misty gray hue above the many scarlet hollows.

At just a little distance above one hill, there seemed to be a large powerful vapor clad rock. It looked like an immense table-land in the sky, with projections supporting it that resembled hoofs of immense animals. The side edges of the rock were gilded, and the back-edge was so thick and rich with gold, that it seemed to be the entrance to a golden land in the heights.

The atmosphere about the cannon became at last perfectly clear. The cannoneer, of noble presence, with his fine form clad in khaki, stood erect by the side of the large cannon, both facing the sea. And on the other side of the cannon, he, with his face in the direction of the sea, was the young commander, the long blue coat and many gilt buttons at once denoting his rank, but he was prostrate, motionless.

Intense emotional trembling seemed to possess me, and, the next instant, when I cast my eyes toward the immense vapory rock, I saw the face and form of his mother, and

there was a multitude standing on the flattened surface of the rock. There was the sweetest chanting of angels' voices within my soul of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

The shades of night now began to be thrown over the entire sky, and directly overhead the scene of war, signs of a storm were fast appearing. The large bird spread his wings and flew rapidly, sometimes descending and skimming the surface of the sea, and then again ascending, until the motion of the air, becoming so swift from the effect of the storm, which had now fully burst over the sea, raising the waves into immense foam bursting billows, the bird lit upon a protected place on the top of a cliff.

The wind whistled, moaned, and shrieked. There were flashes of lightning, succeeded by supreme darkness, and the thunderbolts were as the echoes of cannoneering. In the interim, loud cracking sounds were carried to my ears, rendering me very curious, and as each flash of lightning came, I peered intently beneath the cliff in the direction from which the sounds escaped. A ship was fast losing its life, and no life-boat could live amidst that roaring sea, nor could human soul ascend the steep cliff. As the fleeting visions came to me from the gleaming lights, the ship was torn asunder, and aflame, and clinging to the masts were the flags of every nation.

In the most vivid flash from the unknown depths above, I saw the “Ship of Universal Peace” sink into the darkness beneath, succeeded by the most awful shrieking, howling, triumphant echoing sound, as it was engulfed in the hollow of the sea. It was the first voyage in unknown waters, and had not taken the warning of the signs of storm. It was too late to put an end to the cannon-eering thunder-bolts hurled from earth, and to escape their destruction from above.

The bird, venturing a little too near to an edge of the cliff, had been struck by the last vivid flash, and was falling when I, realizing that I was with the bird, suddenly attempted to save myself by taking a step down in my sleep on the settee. This motion at once awakened me at the twelfth hour of the day, the last of that golden morning and just as “Cuckoo” coming out of the door-way of his little retreat, twelve times proclaimed the late hour.

Startled, I rose from the couch, and walked from the piazza into the parlor, where the cottage-clock hung upon the polished oak wall. I sank into an easy chair, but I noticed that “Cuckoo” stood silently watching me from the open door-way, as “tick-tock, tick-tock” seemed to sound so loud in the otherwise noiseless room, and “A Poem for To-day,” “The Love of God,” by Bernard Rascas, vibrated.

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass
away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and
last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never
been ;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and
tender green :
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleas-
ant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the
evening long.
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that
kills,
And the fair white flocks shall perish from the
hills.
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the
fox,
The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois
of the rocks,
And the strong and fearless bear, in the trod-
den dust shall lie ;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty
whale shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be
no more,
And they shall bow to death, who ruled from
shore to shore ;
And the great globe itself, so the holy writings
tell,

With the rolling firmament, where the starry
armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all
pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and
last for aye!

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

A War Poem.

We are wrapped in the mystery
Of the greatest war's history,
That has happened since all the world
Of warriors have flags unfurled.

For sounds of conflict far and wide
Come to us from the other side
Of the ocean whose cable-bell
Rings forth the enormous death knell.

Women by aged sextons led,
Silently in procession tread
The farms and villages where lie
The men who for their country die.

Ghoul-like in torch and lantern light,
The old and bent men raise at night
The soldier heroes from the throe
Of nameless graves no one may know.

The officers oft bravely stand,
And can not seek protection's hand
Of lying close to Mother Earth
To seek of deadly marks a dearth.

They fall to win a victory
For men who are intrenched lowly.
Women mark the graves with a cross
Where sacrifice is in Life's loss.

The French and German cavalry,
With hand to hand, fight as bravely
As the bold warriors of old
Of whom in history we're told.

Not with the dagger and the knife,
But with the sword and lance; the strife
Is ended when man from his horse
Falls in War's pitiless remorse.

Flower armies of Austrians,
Of Poles, Russians and Servians
Are scythed till there is Sorrow's wail
Of no comrade to tell the tale.

Great Britain, Belgium, India,
Australia, and Algeria,
Their allied strength to France combine
Against the German battle-line.

A city of intrenchments lies
Beneath one of God's most blue skies.
The wires of telephony
Live in ditch and earth flowery.

Both the Baltic and the North Sea
Are mined that war cruisers may be
Turned aside from their deadly path
To wreak War's stern revengeful wrath.

Thus hidden 'neath this war city,
We find the soldiers patiently
Lying in many trenches deep
To eat their food and e'en to sleep.

Rapid-firing guns, at their sides
Are the explosive mines they hide,
That enemies may not entwine
And surround miles of battle line.

But sometimes an undercurrent
Will the explosive mines so rent
That the war-cruisers then sail on
And thus hold the coveted pawn.

Dirigible, aeroplane
Alight in the near village lane
And prospect all of the countries,
And then fly over land and seas.

Then large cities extinguish light,
That they may not feel the dread might
Of bombs dropped on them from the skies,
To shatter all that near them lies.

The Wheels of War will finely grind,
But yet, there is a light behind
Its mystery that all can ken,
"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

THE FOUR CATS.

Said the mother cat,
"Let us have a chat,"
As she viewed her four little ones on the mat.

They sat in a row
In a posture low
Except the youngest who now stood on tip-toe.

They looked very bright
As well they all might,
For they knew very fine news would be in
sight.

She then said with cheer,
"It is so hot here,
To the country we must go, I greatly fear."

"But we need a home
From which we may roam
To enjoy our plunges into the white foam."

They looked very trim,
But their eyes grew dim,
With tears of joy at the thought of a fine
swim.

"Telegraph from here,"
Said the oldest "Dear,"
"Let's ask for a farm house in some country
near."

This was quickly done,
Then they took a run,
Soon bargained with the owner for a small
sum.

And then this recruit
Donned each a bath-suit,
While as they wandered they ate from the
trees' fruit.

This dear little band
Often sat on sand,
Also ate some fine lunches of all things
canned.

A few friends were near
Who were very dear,
And they played on the sand until night was
near.

They would tie their ties,
All bid their good-byes,
Hoping that tomorrow might bring them blue
skies.

They all drank their tea,
Always ate with glee,
Thinking of the next day's swimming in the
sea.

To bed they now go,
Dreaming of a row,
If "Dad" comes from the city their boat to
tow.

Mother sat up late,
It seemed to be fate,
With a very new found friend whose name
was "Kate."

Her home was on hill,
High above a mill,
And some hired help of hers all that land did
till.

As the midnight hour
Tolled from a tower,
With lantern in hand she went to her bower.

Mother took a peep
At each one asleep,
Very soon she was in a slumber deep.

What was that, thunder?
Was now her wonder,
As she awoke with the shaking of lumber.

Two strokes from tower
Soon told her the hour
Quite brave though she was she began to
cower.

The night was moon-lit
Which might help a bit,
To peer from the window to see what to hit.

Suddenly a jar
Like in a wrecked car,
Made her escape through space like a shoot-
ing star.

Now a cannon boom
Shot her from the room,
She tried to rouse all to their coming doom.

But the masculines
Were loath to pay fines,
Of lost slumber in the land of the wood-bines.

Screaming as she might,
Their sleep was too tight,
For them to waken to engage in cat fight.

She was in despair,
Which was very rare,
When reason developed cause for her night-
mare.

Freedom of rafter
From any plaster,
Makes slight sounds seem loud and travel
much faster.

It was only Mall
Who was very tall,
As his bed was too small he was pounding
wall.

With a blush of shame
For any such fame
She retired once more desiring a new name.

Early the next day
Ma told of affray,
Mall could not remember nor could he say nay.

At thought of the fright
He laughed with his might.
But then he began to think it might not be
right.

He saw her flurry
So was in a hurry,
To not be happy and say, "I should worry."

She then quickly said,
"I shall need some thread,
Walk to the town with me and be gay instead."

The day was quite warm
With no sign of storm,
And they jollied along without any form.

"Keep middle of road
They sang, was their code."
Unless an "auto" drove them from their abode.

They walked at the side
While others took ride,
Which in their happiness they could well
abide.

They sat on the grass
With joy watched the lass
Who walked with the boy with a fine string
of bass.

And now they arose
After a little doze,
Then felt after that even far more jocuse.

Mall said, "Let us hie,
I do not wish rye,
But in town is ice cream I would like to try."

"It is now so hot,"
She answers, "Why not,
And what do you think of the new 'turkey-
trot'?"

"Don't josh," answered he,
"I can happy be
While I leave turkey-trot for night after tea."

They thus poked the fun
As they had just done,
In a very short time to a bridge had run.

This led to the town;
Would she wrinkle gown,
If for a minute to rest Ma should lie down?

Mall and she thought not
Though she had no cot
(She had slept in grass since she was "a
small tot").

She enjoyed clover,
And then Mall drove her
To run the willow path faster than a "Ro-
ver."

At the end of which
Side walks edged the ditch
And they walked with dignity to "Ice Cream
Kitch."

The room was pretty,
'Twould be a pity,
If to it there should not be sung "A Ditty."

Look in the window,
Please choose from the row
Of pretty objects a present for a beau.

The door is ajar
Do not stand afar
For within there is nothing your joy to mar.

The tables are bare
But polished with care,
Made of a stained green wood which is some-
what rare.

Scent of nasturtiums
From table vase comes,
On the large soda fountain are the "Yum-
Yums."

Walls of green panel
Are willing to sell
Banners and trophies that life of college tell.

There is a mixture
Of funny picture
Delft and Dutch ware on cabinet green fix-
ture.

As in all stores
Glass cases with doors
On high stands "to look" Kitty jumps on all
fours.

Something to take home
A jewel or comb
On tour of inspection causes her to roam.

After having fun
Making selection,
She falls to the floor as if she weighs a ton.

Just under her feet
It cannot be cheat,
There is something to her which smells very
sweet.

About her dangles
Something to wrangle,
And she finds herself trifling in "a tangle."

Of very fine weave
Indians did leave
Sweet grass baskets and to one of these she
cleaved.

At last she rolled out,
As she was not stout,
And escaped at the "Open Door" without
doubt.

"There is a menu,"
Said Mall at first view,
"So shall I now order sundaes for us two."

Ma said that would do
Although it was true
Ice cold mixtures were not as a rule her cue.

Mall knew this was so
And so as her beau,
He studied the menu something else to know.

He was within inch
Of giving her pinch,
When he read that coffee was served with
sandwich.

They talked as they ate
At a very good rate,
Which made a very delightful tête-à-tête.

A storm has risen,
We are in prison,
Dark gloom and tat-a-tat-tat made decision.

Drenching rubber coat
As if from a moat,
Comes to near table with mate on whom to
dote.

Face was shining,
Love was entwining,
Live for each other is for our divining.

Storm's vengeance wreaks,
Everything creaks,
Lightning is visible with freak after freak.

Coat's owner is meek
When leak after leak,
Compels him a nail in distant nook to seek.

After refreshment
Force of storm was rent,
To some other place the couple's steps were
bent.

They left as if life
Never had a strife,
And he with the look some day she'll be my
wife.

The spell was broken
There was no token
Of else but sunshine since the world had
woken.

The mother arose,
The mood was not prose,
But with sentiment she must have had a doze.

"With our loves at home
Oh, where shall we roam
Tonight," she asks Mall as she stops to buy a
comb.

•
He replies, "Dear Marm,
There can be no harm
If we seek at pavilion dance music's charm."

"Come, then let us start,
At farm get a tart,
And ask friends to go with us in large hay
cart."

With you I agree,
'Twill be a levee
To see moon-light on the river and the lea.

'Twas not Switzerland
Where the mountains stand,
Which people travel to see from ev'ry land.

Here the breezes fanned
Many hills of sand,
And one sand mountain was boasted in this
land.

This was a delight
To ev'ry one's sight,
To climb it one had to work with all one's
might.

It had its renown
In every town,
Where all took much pleasure looking at its
crown.

Observatory
Overlooked the lea,
'Twas free to climb to top and there was no
key.

The light of the moon
Was not at all soon,
But tireless spectators put hay-cart "in car-
toon."

Friends were on all four
Talking ancient lore,
Which had no end as one always thought of
more.

Old-time songs echoed
O'er the fresh hay mowed,
When out of which there suddenly
jumped a toad.

All of fashion's crew
Gave tremendous mew,
The pretty dresses present were
not a few.

There was a fine tease
Who began to wheeze
Toad must be put on some one so
he must seize.

Friends jumped on his back
To put him off track,
Which made the wheels of old wagon
start to crack.

Host now made a toast
To departed ghost,
For to make quick escape it had
done its most.

Now with dignity
Of beauty of lea,
River, and moonlight they talk as busy bee.

"Sand mountain, I'll climb
Without any dime,"
Said Mall to his friends, "If you'll make me a
rhyme."

"To-morrow," they cried,
"Even if they died,
In that springless hay-cart they would take
that ride."

Friends, song fashion, tease
Disappeared with breeze,
Beneath trees where none could even see a
squeeze.

The lights of the town
Soon made them all frown,
But they soon reached the dance hall of great
renown.

With many a cheer
At last we are here,
They all quickly tumbled from the wagon's
rear.

They paid to enter,
'Twas due to renter,
For this made the audience so much better.

They were soon in whirl,
No one wore a pearl,
Dame Fashion decreed the hair should have
no curl.

Dance began to lag,
All looked at the rag,
The war battered remnants of a fine old flag.

It hung very proud,
Could never be cowed,
Allegiance to country was forever vowed.

It inspired a joy
Which made dancers coy,
"No one in this world could with their free-
dom toy."

THE FRENCH PRIEST.

CHAPTER 1.

"Tick-tock" chimed the antique clock in one of the oldest monasteries of France. It was the evening hour when the Abbé, absorbed in the vespers from which he had come, entered his sanctuary. His gaze was absently fixed on the front of the room, where two stained glass windows reaching to the floor had been thrown open, revealing glimpses of the sunset. He passed through the open door-way which led to a stone porch with balustrades, supporting at intervals stone images of Cupids holding vases filled with gay flowers. He descended the stone steps to a garden with finely trimmed hedges. Close by were rich farm land and a meadow which reached the sea not far away.

In the distance to the right were snow-capped mountains. To the left were high hills, and as the great golden globe descended in the blue sky, its reflection filled the sea with golden rivers. "Sweeping through the golden streets," came involuntarily from the Abbé. He stood entranced for a short time, and then retraced his steps to the porch-threshold of his sanctuary, and turned to speak to 'une jeune fille charmante' who was sitting at one end of his library table.

"Elise," said he, "those breaths of sunshine have invigorated me for my work." Then he entered the room and sat down at the end of the long table facing her, and his quill began to work on various manuscripts. For some time the scratching of the quill and "tick-tock" were the only sounds of life filling the very large room, the ceiling of which was the roof of the main building, supported by rafters inlaid with various ancient emblems.

The side walls were hung with antlers, skins, emblazonry and other trophies of a family of nobility. For in the days of the monarchy the monastery had been a castle, and the regal chair in which Elise was sitting had been designed for the entertainment of the king. The wood work was finely carved ebony, and it was upholstered in scarlet velvet. There were many pieces of furniture of antique design in the very large room, which were all of wood work and upholstery similar to the regal chair. On account of the castle's situation on the side of a hill, it had been built irregularly in a rambling fashion, "sprawling" on the hill, as it was styled by travelers. Consequently, there were many towers and turrets crowning the annexes of the main building.

In all of the buildings there were many stained glass windows which had been installed by the monastery, and were of religious character. Reflected colorings were

at present being thrown by the glowing sunset against the large hardwood mantel-piece with candelabra and candles at each end, and as a ray stole a sly peep at Elise's hair, it proclaimed it threads of gold. This, with a face which had been imbued since early childhood with the serenity and sacredness of the monastery, and a slight figure enveloped in a summer costume of soft clinging white material, and daintily slippered feet, lent to a great degree to the attractiveness of the Abbé's sanctuary. Especially as, with head bent a little, her fingers were effecting exquisite lace work.

The venerable Abbé, with dark loose-gown and cap, and face whose lineaments betokened an unusual gentle and kind character, was interrupted in his writing by 'un servant' who presented a letter to him. "Le servant" withdrew and the Abbé was laying it on the table for perusal at some less occupied moment, when the foreign post mark of a far distant country caught his notice, and he said quietly, 'Très étrange.' Although Father Evère's voice had been nearly inaudible, the previous long continued intense quiet had rendered Elise's hearing acute, and she started, looking up from her work toward him. But perfect composure and self control were now his attitude, as he read the letter. However, Elise's serenity had become disturbed; she felt the presence of some disquieting force, and that her kind Father had

received news of this nature. At intervals she glanced at him shyly and curiously.

Directly in front of the Abbé, reflected from one of the beautiful stained glass windows, an image of our Saviour, dressed as a shepherd in exquisite scarlet and pink loose robe, holding a staff and with halo about his head had appeared in the very highly polished top-surface of a portion of the table. Elise had resorted to a continued searching look into the Abbé's countenance. The deep wrinkles of his face had become hardened, his mouth having taken the appearance of firm determination, and his forehead having the first dark frown that she had ever seen there. Intended refusal to a request for aid, on account of some injury latent for many years, forced from the tightly pressed lips of the Abbé, "His son can not come here." The letter suddenly dropped from his fingers, and in looking forward a glimpse at the reflected image caused an instantaneous restoration of the Father's kind and gentle countenance. Looking into Elise's beautiful startled eyes he said more gently than usual, "I had almost fallen, Elise. As soon as I write an answer to this letter, I have something important to tell you. An immediate response is absolutely necessary."

"Tick-tock," and the scratching of his quill were again for some time the only sounds in the room, until "un servant" entered to light the hearth and candles, as the

very large room always grew cold during the evening hour. The Abbé put his seal on the envelope, and gave 'le servant' instructions to take it to the village post-office in haste. All was so bright and cheerful. As the door closed behind the hurried messenger, Father Evère arose from his work and touched Elise lightly on her shoulder as he passed her chair in approaching the hearth. The bright flames cheered his heart and he said happily, "Evening and you, Elise. Come, I have something unusual to tell you."

She had been brought to him, a little orphan, with lovely golden hair and true blue eyes, by friends of her departed parents. She had been left to their care, and after the estate of the parents had been settled, it was found that the little girl who had been previously surrounded with every luxury would be "pauvre." These friends knew the kind Abbé, and that the refined luxury of his monastery would be similar to her past life, if he would accept her as his protégé. The attractive personality of the child helped the bravery of her friends in their suggestion. It resulted as they hoped. He loved her as his own child from the first time he saw her.

For many years her instruction in music had been thorough, and the Abbé now led her to an exquisitely gilded harp, ornamented with relief figures, bringing to mind events of the crusades. He then sat in a large chair before the fire. Elise was one of a

sympathetic nature who could adapt herself to others' moods. The strains of "Long, Long Ago" began to softly yet forcibly permeate the very large room. The Abbé seemed lost in retrospection and finally closed his eyes. Elise wondered whether she had put him to sleep, instead of rendering it more easy for him to disclose some long hidden truths. She began to doubt that she had applied the suitable musical adaptation. However, she quietly continued, until the resonance of the last strain had melted away.

The Abbé's eyes opened at once. "You have interpreted me as you always do," said he. "A beautiful little sister was once my partner in life. We had been left in our native country in a large private school kept by friends of our parents, while they took a long sea voyage. Delicacy of health on the part of each seemed to demand it, and although loath to leave us they finally set sail. A year passed, during which time my dear little sister and I were constant companions and playmates, the absence of our parents rendering our love ties more binding. One day I noticed that our whole school was in mourning. I mean that everyone looked sad. There was not a bright face. I, a boy filled with the joy of living, searched everywhere for a happy countenance. Nowhere could I find it, so I finally withdrew silently to the confidence of my cherished playmate, my sister.

"Marie," said I, "there is some trouble in this school, and I am alarmed. I am afraid to venture a word to anyone. I have seen several crying, and those who are not, look too sad to talk. You and I are the only very young children here, and I suppose they will tell us the very last what is the matter. But, forget it," said I, the next minute, as I saw her loved little countenance growing extremely thoughtful, for from earliest memories I never could see the radiance of that beautiful face darkened.

"The next minute I was engaged in some boyish freak which brought peal after peal of laughter from my solitary audience. I finally forgot that I was the actor, and between acts I was indulging in the heartiest outbursts of laughter, when the door creaked and—those faces again seemed to haunt me through that cautiously and partly opened door. I suddenly slipped from the immense horse I was riding, which was composed of numerous chairs, tables and hassocks compiled, and fell in a heap to the floor with a sprain and faint.

"In the quiet of my room where I was held a prisoner for many weeks, when I was strong enough, very quietly and gently, the terrible news of both father and mother having been lost at sea was told to me by a lady who had deeply loved my mother. I can see the white muslin curtains blowing in the early spring breezes, as I lay and thought and fin-

ally I said, "Does Marie know?" The next instant the lovely lady put Marie in her place and our heart sobs and tears mingled. Push the curtains aside, Elise, and look at the beautiful mountains on the outskirts of the village. In a grotto in those mountains, a man lived as a hermit for many years, and that man had passed our school every day at noon from the time I remembered entering the school. He had the habit of scanning the boys' faces very closely as they indulged in their play. He always carried magazines and many papers. 'Certainment,' the people of the town called him a miser, who was hiding his bags of gold in the grotto. But as he never disturbed the peace of any one, he was allowed to go about the town without further comment.

"When Marie had become sufficiently calm, I said to her, 'Our hermit was passing our school that terrible morning and I remember that he was exceptionally busy reading the newspaper while walking, when suddenly, he stopped and asked a boy a question and Jacques raised his arm and pointed at me over the heads of the boys surrounding him. Marie, I wish you could find or buy a copy of that paper. I must read of the great sea disaster.' Just then she drew away from my bed a little, and at the other end of the room, were my eyes to be trusted? I saw the hermit. But his suit now was of the finest cloth, not the rusty, cave-looking garment, and he

was clean shaven, and was entirely priest-like in appearance. He came toward me with the lady, who said, 'This gentleman is a cousin of mine from my native heath, where we both lived twenty years ago. At that time he was Abbé of a monastery and I was Mother Superior. But destruction fell upon our building in the form of terrible dynamite explosions causing us all to flee for our lives. For several days and nights my cousin and I hid in the forests, and mountain caves, and grottoes until we had passed the borderline of our country. The Abbé was especially pursued as he held in his possession the wealth of the monastery in the form of gold securities. Our destination was the grotto in which he has lived for many years. But I received a position at once as teacher in this school in which your dear mother received a part of her education. My cousin decided that he liked the mountain life near this small town, as he had been deprived of the honor of his former position, and until he might at some future time see a way to restoring his money to the power of the church, he preferred to live a simple life.'

"Since his downfall it has always been his hope to use the gold of the church to raise some boy into a position similar to the one which had been his. For years he scanned the faces of the boys of the town, and when I told him, at the time when you first came to this school, that your parents hoped to

make provisions for your education fitting you for a high position in the church, he took special notice of you at your play whenever he passed the school. On the morning of the publishing of the news of the terrible sea-disaster, he was reading about it and asked a boy named Jacques if you were in the school yard playing, as it was his intention to ask me to impart the news gently. Jacques very quietly designated you among the boys, and he saw by your liveliness that you had no knowledge of your trouble. He knew that I was not at the school that day, and no power lay with him on that account to gently break the news to you. But he came to me as soon as I had returned from a little vacation I was taking, to ask about you. Now he asks me to tell you that I know he is a good man, and that he wishes to take the position of your guardian and protector, and that he will always love you and your sister, if you will come and live with him and me in a beautiful new home which he has bought in town. For his part, he intends to take a great interest in the political life of the town, trying to use his influence to right any wrongs he may perceive.'

"I answered very promptly, 'I have found out during this long illness that you are the loveliest lady I have ever known next to my mother, and if you say this is as it should be for Marie and me, I am willing to trust

you.' The priest had taken the posture of prayer at the foot of my bed. But now suddenly arose and fairly hugged me, his embrace was so firm. But firmest of all came the words, 'You shall never regret your decision.' My recovery was rapid from that time. We were taken away from the school into a beautiful home. The best private tutors of the town were provided for us, my dear priest spending also much of his time instructing us. With the exception of the grief for our parents, there was not a ripple of trouble in the lives of Marie and myself for many years. During the winters, as it was quite cold in the mountainous region, our god-father and god-mother took us a few hundred miles away into a valley, famous for its beauty and warmth. Marie and I lived the happy life of birds in the sunshine and fresh air, in constant contact with the pure, clear, and fresh running waters of brooks and streams, sipping the honey of the daintiest flowers.

"But in all my wanderings

I never could see

As fair a flower

As my Marie had grown to be.

"The warmth of the valley was particularly improving to her delicate beauty. The blue eyes only looked the bluer beneath the dark hair, as the contrasting deep pink peach bloom of the cheeks was so near and with

the accompaniment of a spirituelle figure, there was no dainty flower of the valley more beautifully constituted than she. I was a stalwart youth and expected, at the coming session, to enter one of the finest universities in the capital of a neighboring country. I knew that Marie had not been appraised of this, and as we sat together on a log near to some playful rivulets emanating from a spring nearby, I determined to tell her quietly and to talk to her gaily of the vacation periods, when promises had been given to me that she should go to the grand city to enjoy the glimpses of the educational and social functions. We sat and murmured as the brook beyond the rivulets near us, and exchanged heart to heart sad thoughts of coming separation, and as I saw the gurgling stream beyond tumbling over rocks, I found myself quite unconsciously saying, 'But, I fear, Marie, that some one will pluck from me the daintiest of the flowers of this valley.'"

CHAPTER 2.

"The beautiful autumn tinges of the vines covered artistically the attractive architecture of the university buildings, situated in the outskirts of the very large city, which I was to consider my home for the major portion of time for a few years. I found my heart leaping and bounding with love for my Alma Mater, as I entered the office building to present the necessary papers for my introduction. I was soon esconced to my perfect satisfaction, both in city lodgings and fraternal environments. It had been my particular request from my god-father that he would allow me to board in the immense cosmopolitan city. My life had always been a quiet one, among few people and I was now at that commencing energetic age of manhood, when I longed at times for life, energy, hurry, bustle, crowded streets flooded with light. He felt that he could trust that no evil would be my goal and accordingly during those Alma Mater years of my life, I satiated to the full my youthful bounding pulses, and when my ordination followed several years later, I was ready from observation to establish valuable reformatory measures for the City Charitable Relief Corps of which I had always been an honorary member from the time of my freshman initiation.

"I had constant companionship during my

collegiate years with a fraternal associate aspiring to be a priest. His intended trend of life combined with our mutual chord of fellowship led us into the same paths of life to a great degree. Our Charitable Corps was always an interesting subject of conversation to us. He had an attractive personality of a country foreign to mine. Heavy, gracefully wavy hair enhanced the beauty of the dreamy intelligent expression of the eyes. Features which could only have been the dower of refined ancestry were his, and a slight well-knit, athletic figure. He was ever the same in his gentleness and attractive charm in meeting all people. It always seemed to me that he was specially constituted in all ways for his intended life work. His voice had an enticing musical vibration. Sometimes I seem to hear it now, Elise, correspond with some of your exquisite tones which you render to me. Upon his first meeting of my loved Marie at Convocation, a chord from his lyre met corresponding notes. Her beauty was now enhanced whenever his presence met hers. It seemed to be soul to soul from first meeting, and as her individuality had always been ethereal, that was now intensified. His attraction was always greater when with her, as there always appeared even a more positive gentle expression in the great charm of the eye, which was always his. My happiness was only secondary to theirs. I loved him, Elise, next

only to her. So that when the day came, only a few years later, that he bore her with his wings of love far away to a foreign land, even of snow and ice, I smiled gaily as I tied the marital knot, for I had just reached the commencement of my life's goal, and told them that all cold would forever vanish whenever they flew into its presence.

"However, I had one fear for my adored sister, and that was her delicacy. I extracted from him a promise bound with Friendship's chord, that should intimation of decline of strength ever become apparent to him, he would bring back to live with the donor until resuscitated the flower of our warm valley. Beautiful, frank, genial, brother-love letters came to me for a year. Then, suddenly, I found myself with no letters at the accustomed intervals. I did not even wait to telegraph when I really felt there must be illness, but started post-haste for the two loved doves, which had been mine. It was a long journey. But I at last reached the snow and ice-bound clime for a part of the year, though for a time also, a warm gulf stream moderated the climate. This was the frozen time of the year, and as I approached the monastery and church surrounded with pines growing out of deep snow, one after another forming beautiful green pinnacle exterior adornments beneath the many mounted stone spires of beautiful architecture high above,

the resonant tones of a famous bell began to resound far and wide. In the distance forming a background to the church were high mist shrouded mountains, and the only path which led to the front curved about one side. It was broad and bricked, forming the top surface of one of the sloping sides of a gradually approaching rock abyss which when one reached the capacious arched church door in the front, was evident to the eye in all its rough, rocky beauty.

"You know how susceptible I am to music, and I could not refrain even in my intense anxiety when this view burst suddenly upon me; I did stand for an instant peering over the rocky sides into the deep abyss beneath at a little stream of water gurgling and playing, lovingly caressing its rough rocky bed surface. 'My flower,' thought I, 'in its cold home.' This awakened me and I advanced quickly to the door. But just as suddenly the bells had changed in their sounds. By the time I had mounted the broad interior stone steps, which led me to a view of the altar church floor and dome, the death knell was sounding in its greatest solemnity from those resonant bells. I stood with my hands clasped at my back, a favorite position of mine in those days, facing the altar. I was stunned and dazed, for I had unconsciously imprinted on my memory the scene of peasant women with snow shoes, gay stockings of all colors, short skirts, and basque jack-

ets edged with furs. Some led children by the hand similarly dressed with the exception of the gayest neckerchiefs upon their heads. Babies with hoods of brightest hue were held close to the women. One of these women with baby with bright saffron hood and child with gay neckerchief fastened beneath the chin, had particularly impressed me when I had first mounted the interior stone steps of the church, for I had distinctly heard her say to the child of somewhat advanced age, 'The mother is dead. But the baby boy is strong and stout, God bless him.'

"The bells now ceased ringing. But their echoed resonance would not be stilled within my musical being, and I sought the monastery in my dazed condition. Yet I could not cast out that trusted chord of Friendship either, and I tried to chide myself for unworthy thoughts. Instinctively and through slight inquiry, I very easily found an entrance through the church to the monastery, and was at once directed to the Abbé's private apartment. The door happened to be slightly ajar, and telling my guide that I was a near relative from a foreign land, he seemed satisfied, and left me to enter at my pleasure without formal announcement. I was of a slighter build during those days than at present. But my shoulders were broad, and I had difficulty in entering the allowed embrasure without pushing the door

further. But I made no sound on entering. I first noticed the paneled ceilings of the sanctuary, then the perfectly polished floor, and rug of beautiful pattern and weave, and then a plain, sturdy small table on four plain cut legs. Sitting in a chair of like description was my old friend, his head reclining on his outstretched arms covering nearly the entire surface of the table. He was attired in a black, loose flowing robe. All fears and signs were at last too much. I suddenly startled him by a firm, 'Is it true?' Not agony and sorrow alone were pictured to me in the gaze forced without warning. But, immediately upon recognition, knowledge of not continuing the vibration of our chord of 'Friendship.' My friend died forever in that gaze. He fitted a very tiny key into the key-hole of a very small drawer in the table, and drew from it a small box. 'Her Confession,' he said. 'She held it during her last hours and left it for you. I can only expiate by living and dying for the church. She had asked me from the first to keep our secret, she and I both hoping all would be well.' 'Her Confession' was simply her 'Rosary,' Elise. I have worn it ever since. Her last hours had been prayers as she had striven 'to kiss the Cross.'"

The Abbé now suddenly paused in his narrative. Assuming a retrospective attitude, his chin resting in the palm of his hand no sound echoed from roof or rafter for a lit-

tle time, except "tick-tock" from the old time clock. At last heaving a heavy sigh, it was like the sighing of the wind of the Autumn for the death of the beautiful summer, "Today," he continued, "I received the confirmation of his intention. This letter with foreign post-mark, which has so disturbed my usual placidity, comes from his son, now a young man. He writes the history of these intervening years.

"My dear Uncle,

"I hope you will accept this title by which I am addressing you, though at the present time I am laboring under strained circumstances. I am traveling at present in disguise. My father's demise happened a month since, while in exile for expression of views considered too broad to consistently meet vows to the Church.

"We have not had a stationary monasterial life for years on account of such clear expression by him of his broad views. My ideas, sympathetically according with his, are causing me to be hunted as the hound. But Nature will correspond and I am as weary as he.

"I am a French Peasant and appeal to you that you will make of me for a time a French Priest. Your refusal would bring exile and certain death to the son of a sister treasured dearly by you in youth. In hope, Frank.'"

The Abbé now rising walked to his former

place at the table, and placing the letter carefully in a drawer, locked it and then walked to the stained glass windows, which had been closed to keep the chilly night breezes of the sea from entering the very large room. He suddenly threw them open, and turned to Elise asking her to herald the next morn by singing a song of a lark. "The night from the sea portends a beautiful morn, Elise, please sing for me." After having been refreshed by a draught of the invigorating sea-breeze, he advanced to the fire-place again from which were emanated the joyful strains of Elise.

He was no longer of any slight build of youth, for the broad shoulders of former days were now fully rounded the same as his entire stature. But dignity of the greatest worth of character stamped his entire being, his corporosity simply seeming to magnify it. His loose flowing robe of beautiful color combination, and small, dark, tight fitting cap on the large round bald head, fully presented largess of being. The texture of the heart being the same, he now ventured a very delicate subject to Elise in harmony with it. She had finished her song and he addressed her cheerily, "My Meadow Lark, I am seeing you to-morrow enjoying the heather and the lovely weather. But do not think that no one sees that some one looks at thee admiringly. Loving eyes are devouring and aspiring that thee shall belong

to them. A Count of a neighboring chateau has addressed me for you, Elise," now turning and gazing fixedly at her, as if to truly penetrate a secret of her soul if it possessed. "But love for him, Dear, is it there?" he continued, dreamily regarding her now. "I cannot see it, I know, Elise, you need not tell me. The sword of our neighboring manor's Lord is not your corresponding chord. Under these circumstances, I feel that I can justly ask a commission of the Meadow Lark. The message of the French Priest's attire at the end of the long pier, when no gardener has yet turned his scythe, and the meadow lark's heart does not writhe."

"The soft sea breeze
Which has invigorated me
Is wafting a French Peasant to his hie
There must not be
Lord of a neighboring manor,
When to the Meadow Lark,
He shall draw nigh."

As she softly glided from the room, Tick-tock signaled the strokes of the midnight hour, as he beat them with his anvil, by marshaling an array of pictorial characters representing the history of the centuries of his country. The Abbé had left the fire-side at the retirement of Elise, and was arranging papers on the library table preparatory to silent commune of self consecrated to future ages. As soon as Tick-tock had given his

command to the past ages to vanish, by declaring that his words must now be the only accompaniment to the recording quill of the present age scratching in the second sands of time, the Abbé was completely absorbed in the harmony of his age with his being. His nature, which had always been consecrated to the furtherance of good had received the boon of the gold loving cup of poetry, and being once endowed it was now effervescent in its overflow of silent research of self, accompanied by the tune of the strings of the musical instrument of the present age conveyed to him by constantly reading each day's world's events. The belfry in the old tower was striking the hour of the earliest matins of the day, when the Abbé left the room to the sole occupation of Tick-tock, whose heart is not moved to an irregular resounding by the emotional trickery of any age. But a heart of love in its beat of time had been moved to a fluctuating pulse by Tick-tock's regular poundings.

"The Heart of the Fairy Copper Tick-tock."

'Twas locked in the cavern
Of an antique French clock. .
It worked in harmony
With a poet of the age,
When he with his key
Knew that its time should be
The accompanying chords
To his own heart's pulse song.

He unlocked the Door,
That the little man in his rage
Might proclaim by poundings
He was out of his cage;
Accompaniment to
The tune of this age,
He would help free the oppressed
As in fairy adage.

With fairies he will forever
Work, and walk, and talk.
But he can never live,
As his heart is a sieve
That cannot even hold
Life's second of time,
Marching forward with others
To fill Father Time's well.

He is not adamantine
To any wicked deed;
In his walk continues
Each century to feed;
Tick-tock, Tick-tock
He will forever proclaim.
This is forever his talk;
From his words is his name.

CHAPTER 3.

THE AWAKENING.

SUNRISE

A golden ball is merging
Into an azure cloud,
It has dispelled night's black veil
As reflection allowed.
The lower sphere is of
Beautiful roseate hue;
The upper is of gold
Riding in the azure blue.

Reflection's tinges paint clouds
Above azure blue sky,
'Tis in Heaven's high blue
They are slowly riding by.
They now receive the roseate,
The gold and azure,
The sun loves its companions
In beauty to immure.

Rose of ball turns gold
As it rises in azure band,
Full golden and rides by
And in light blue takes its stand
As the fast flying birds
Vivid shades it then dispels.
Silver ball set in blue
To most of bright colors death knells.

Like a silvery moon
It shines in the light blue sky,
And then floats into
A light yellow cloud close by ;
'Tis a pure white ball
In this color cloud atmosphere,
Then plays hide and seek
Neath the vari-colored clouds near.

It hides itself
In a slightly azure clouded sky,
Sends down orange reflections
To light cloud which are nigh ;
It very quickly dispels
Its azure hiding place,
Golden rays drive
The azure chariot color race.

The fast flying azure
At once loses its first place ;
Increasing lighter blue
Is not loath to hold its base ;
Light yellow and purple tinge
Give it a slight graze ;
White wins morning's cup
By sun's gaze shining through light haze.

Each side of the peaked roof of the chapel
was surmounted by a tower of similar archi-
tecture but not of corresponding height.
Rising from the more lofty tower, a gilt cross
gleamed far and wide with the rising sun.
Peering from the small windows of this

pagoda-like structure at dawn was the Abbé's "Meadow Lark." From her vantage point the beautiful reflective colorings of the rising sun were soon her own, as well as the sight of the sailing freight vessel riding in the distant waves of the sea. Successively directing her gaze from directly opposite windows from one enjoying the exquisite colorings which only the heavens can perfectly portray, and from the other indulging in all of "une jeune fille's" dreams of romance of chivalrous attractions of manhood traveling in disguise, suddenly her reveries fell from their richly painted atmosphere to the gleaming grassy sheaves beneath in the distance. She knows that "le vieux jardinier" will soon be using his scythe and talking idly meanwhile, as she so often sees him with her "Lord of the Neighboring Manor." All of her actions will be quickly comprehended by My Lord through the early rising jardinier.

Over the meadow
Through the gleaming sheaves I shall hie,
To hide his scythe
In a far distant bush I shall fly
When I meet a French Peasant
My Lord shall not be nigh.
Mon vieux jardinier
Shall hunt for his scythe through the rye;
Neither shall gossip
But be compelled to say good-by.

Flitting about the spiral staircases of the tower, she escapes through an open stained glass door leading to a portico with balustrade and adjoining descending steps to earth's grassy embrasure, and as a bright echo of song she wends the grassy and gilded sheaves and lights upon a scythe, the point of which is sticking into a neighboring garden-fence. Nimbly holding on to her coveted prize, she hesitates for a minute in the gilded sheaves, looking once again in the far distance for the "Ship Coming In."

"A MEADOW LARK."

In the mild plumage of peasant attire,
Gracefully coiled golden hair is her crown
A waistcoat, blouse, and a short skirt she
wears
Bare feet and limbs are bathed in morning
dew.

Humanity's jewelled bird of earliest morn,
From all the world's conventionalism torn,
Happiest of all in her simplicity born,
She is of all that is unnatural shorn.

With this powerful scythe in her hand,
Children love the bird in every land,
Her shrill song wakes all to lovely morn,
Her garments rustle with tasseling corn.

As if of a sudden current of air she is

aware, she gently bears down the high corn-stalks, gracefully her weight is carried toward the sea, in a bush near the end of a corn-field her scythe vanishes.

She mingles with the chilly breezes of the white morn, Hears of the "Ships' Coming" by the sound of the fog horn.

Peering beneath the stone bridge, she picks a treasure from a hiding place therein, placing large peasant slippers on her feet, she swiftly paces the stone bridge, wondering if it might be that her fate she should meet.

A bearer of a French Priest's attire
By the wishes of a much "Loved Sire."

Leaning on the broad sill
Of lighthouse windows she wavers,
Slight haze and distant fog
Of danger slightly savors;
But with a bird's keen eye
Of all that pertains to sky
Out of fog she sees the ship
From fear's zone riding by.

Tremulously she waits
With her morning flute;
But as the "Ship Comes In"
The birds view each other mute;
With corresponding music
Each nature vibrates,
Inspiring songs
Which are to each other mates.

True love's sweet song,
Vibrating on a golden harp,
Might sometime be caught
In fishermen's net as carp;
Beware, take care,
French Peasant and Priest disguise;
Neighbor, Chateau Lord
Might who you are surmise.

The vaulted roof of the Abbé's library echoed with the sweet songs of birds during succeeding months. The gilded harp's tuned accompaniment lent its harmony to the musical vibrations of hours of cherished companionship. After several weeks had delightfully slipped away, an early call of her "Neighboring Lord" was heralded to Elise by the Abbé. She knew that he had been traveling during the past months, but expressed no surprise when his card slipped from the Abbé's hand, as she and Franz sat by the golden harp. With courtesy the strangers met and the evening hours were with pleasure lent by the narratives of his lordship's late travels. A very cordial invitation was extended for an evening near at hand to be spent by the Abbé with Elise and the "French Priest" at Le Comte's Chateau. Plumed chevaux arrived a little time before the appointed hour to conduct the guests to the "palais." The "French Priest" had never heard from Elise any mention of Le Comte previous to their first meeting.

During these twilight hours, as they were conducted with pomp and chivalry, through jardins of beautifaction by many past generations, of collective historical sculpture intermingled with playing stone fountains with balustraded summer houses surrounding, enhancing the natural beauty of trees of ancient lineage, flowering bushes of many varieties, perfectly trimmed hedges and carpets of grass with garden paths intermingled, his heart found against its will a slight flavor of possible rivalry. He could never offer as belonging to him beauty so perfectly suited to her own, as he gazed enviously at her in attire of exquisite outline. But the honesty of her loving gaze, whenever their eyes met, haunted him and he felt that it would be a reproach of his own soul to hers, if he harbored for a minute an unexpressed harrassing thought. With a keen eye to the fact that the Abbé was slightly nodding, and that the many balustrades of the piazzas of the palais were within a stone's throw, he impulsively hurled out of its conscience stricken eddying whirlpool with a naive inquiry in the French language of,

“All in all, forever, Elise?”
With Cupid's dart
Cleaving her heart
The form it graced
Adorer embraced,
With shake of dice

In the next trice,
She steps the stone
Count's carpeted throne.

The Abbé's momentary nodding concluded, the next instant birds of the lightest heart the Comte's domains. With the gilt leaf of the harp showered upon her, Elise had never been so entrancing. The joyful ripple of her laughter assisted Le Comte in a strategic *entre nous*. "Your spirit seems composed this evening of the metal of the bright fish of Le Conservatoire. I recently brought from my travel some fine specimens of gold fish. Possibly, Mademoiselle might wander there with me, as Father Evére has conducted his friend for a few minutes to see the season's horses." Apologizing for this sudden departure to the lady, an elderly aunt, who had graced his table as hostess, he successfully bore Elise to the beautiful gold-fish fountain. Neath the palms surrounding he repeatedly lay at her feet the grace of his beautiful dominion. But just as often she met him with quiet but firm refusal, and very keenly watching him detected bitter, revengeful lines searing his countenance. With chivalry, however, he conducted her to his hostess, but not in time for their absence to not be noticed by Father Evére, who had previously returned with the "French Priest."

Near to a crumbling sea wall was the cottage belonging to the *jardinier* of the monas-

tery. Damp night sea-breezes were being blown into an upper bed-room window on the second floor. At intervals, laboring for breath, the jardinier's wife was attended by one of the visiting nurses of the monastery. She bent low over the emaciated form, listening intently, endeavoring to gain intelligence from words, many of which were inaudible. With enduring patience she felt the feebly beating pulse and finally softly breathed, "May God help me to relieve this woman's last moments by confession. I think that she desires to speak some one's name." She bent closer to hear the faint words, "Ma—selle E—lise." Administering a stimulant she determinedly left the room and descended a small staircase, despatching a grandson of le jardinier for Father Evère and his protégé. The flickering low light of an oil-lamp cast dismal reflections, when a little later Elise knelt at the death bed of a woman to whom she had rendered kindness since childhood. The Abbé stood at her side with his hand resting on "la jeune fille's" golden head, as he watched one wrestling with the throes of Death to impart knowledge almost irrevocably interwoven. From his heart a prayer ascended that the weakened Light of Life might cast its last rays of intelligence. Ere long the Lamp of Life went out, painting with tongue of fire the words, "Strange men — French Priest—Arrest." Meanwhile a flaming bony finger had pointed in the di-

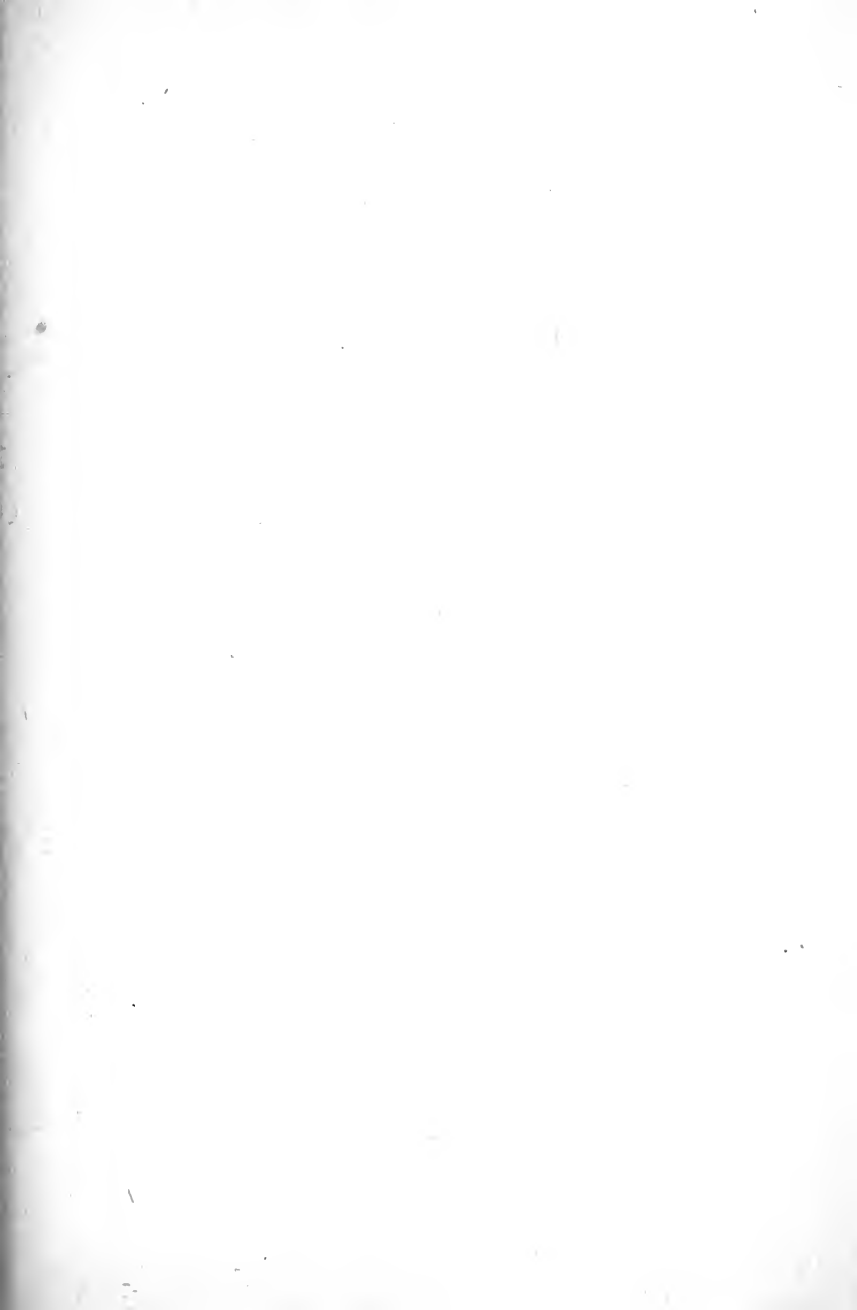
rection of the hall-way from which the noise of loud, stumbling, uncertain steps of the intoxicated jardinier was desecrating the silence of the room of his wife at last guarded by that ominous visitor, Death, which forever holds a repellant hand to all save the Angels of Everlasting Life guarding its tomb.

In prayers and deep thought Father Evère awaited the entrance of the jardinier. Signalling silence to Elise, he approached the doorway where "le vieux homme" entered, and laid his hand heavily on his shoulder. The sudden movement caused his wretched being to shiver with fright. But it had the desired effect of bringing about consciousness to reality. His stupid stare was dissipated into one of fear, as he looked from the Abbé toward the lifeless form of "sa Vielle femme." But possessed by his life-time demon, he thought but of himself, knowing at once that she must have gained knowledge of and divulged the plot, of which he had allowed himself to become a part, induced by men who had indulged him in his worst enemy and enticed him. "She always would spy into my affairs," he muttered, almost unintelligibly. But this only had the effect of having the Abbé's hand laid yet more heavily on him, and the force was accompanied by authoritative words, "Wretched man that you now are, 'votre vielle femme' has been all that has stood between you and prison for

many years. For her sake I have kept you from going there. Now, once again, by her last pleading for you, her confession to us, she will save you, if you tell us all that you know of this intrigue. Fear was beginning to lose its awakening power over the human being, who had lived a great part of his lifetime under the influence of intoxication. The plotting men had so thoroughly done their work that the Abbé divined that in a few minutes stupor would again ascend the throne of reason. "Quick," said he, "Tell the place of arrest and the time." He was now flinching under the Abbé's grasp and abjectedly muttered, "At dawn, I was to bring him here with Ma'selle Elise to see 'ma vieille femme' dying."

Disgust for the duplicity of the creature in his grasp could not be altogether kept from evincing itself in the Abbé's countenance, even beneath his self control after many experiences with erring humanity. It was but a light shadow, however, which quickly vanished. Then he loosened his hold on le jardinier, and approached the visiting nurse, who had returned and was flitting usefully about the room. Le jardinier stumbled across the floor until he fell heavily into a large chair where he lay in stupor. "Ma Soeur," said Father Evère rapidly, "there is no time to be lost. S'il vous plait, Retournez avec Mademoiselle Elise to the monastery and assist her in packing a steamer trunk. I shall

hasten to apprise the French Priest of his danger. Wary though the fox may be he is 'quelquefois' at bay. However, I know an avenue of escape. A large boat lies near to the crumbling sea-wall, which may be rowed to a shore landing, from which a short walk through woods leads to a railroad which wends its way toward ocean travel. This intrigue, which has undoubtedly been furthered by Le Comte's desire that his request of Elise's hand in marriage will be granted by me, has blocked us from all public roads of travel. We must act before dawn." La Soeur quickly glided from the room with Elise whose pale face was lit with an expression of perfect trust in her loved Father Evère. He shook the jardinier sufficiently to awaken him, and told him to follow him, as he needed assistance. Ere long the boat sped from the dark shore with the disguised Priest and Elise, who had received the benediction of Father Evère as man and wife, to meet in the Light of Day the ship bound for the foreign land which harbors Liberty, Equality, Fraternity (The Brotherhood of Man).







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